HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1688.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889.
TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.
Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.

"'WHAT, *DAT* HAT, MISS SALLY!' INDIGNANTLY LIFTING THE INSULTED HAT OUT OF THE BOX, AND HOLDING IT UP FOR US TO LOOK AT."

SEE STORY "UNCLE MERCURY'S MOVIN'," PAGE 334.

"Such a quantity of good things that the price seems ridiculous."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for April 23d contains the first instalment of a new fairy tale, entitled

PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN'S STORIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY LYDIA F. EMMET.

A full-page engraving of the group of statuary representing "Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet teaching the Deaf-Mute," by DANIEL C. FRENCH, *is accompanied by a sketch of Gallaudet by* HELEN EVERTSON SMITH. *The group is shortly to be unveiled at the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

CHANGES IN THE CONSTITUTION.

DURING the last nineteen years, according to Mr. MCMASTER, three hundred and ten amendments to the Constitution have been proposed in Congress. But three only have been adopted. These prohibit slavery, and the restriction of the right of voting on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. They define citizens of the United States, and the basis of enumeration for Representatives, state certain disqualifications for the offices of Senator and Representative in Congress, and affirm the validity of the public debt. That after the great civil convulsion, and in the natural and powerful drift toward national centralization which succeeded the war, so little change should have been made in the organic law, and that little so wisely comprehensive of the essential and fundamental results of the war, is singularly illustrative of the moderation and good sense of the people. The same calm intelligence has been shown in the judicial interpretation of these amendments by the Supreme Court. The Richmond *Despatch* has argued recently, however, that the three amendments were not constitutionally adopted. Its general ground is that the Thirteenth Amendment, prohibiting slavery, "paved the way for the Fourteenth and Fifteenth," that this was ratified by the casting vote of West Virginia, that this State never had constitutional existence, because it was formed and erected wholly within the jurisdiction of Virginia, and that, according to the properly punctuated constitutional clause relating to the subject, such creation was not permissible.

But the *Despatch* states that it argues only for the truth of history, and not with the expectation of changing the fact that the amendments are now part of the Constitution. It is what is called an academic argument—for the pleasure of dialectics, and not practical results—an exercise which used to be thought characteristic of what was called the Southern school of politics. But it has an illustrious precedent in Mr. WEBSTER'S argument in favor of the assent of the Senate to removals, which, even against the authority of MADISON, he held to be the true constitutional doctrine. He agreed, however, that the contemporary decision of Congress and the long and uniform practice had practically settled the question. This conclusion is equally sound in regard to the amendments that followed the war. By the action of every branch of the government and the acquiescence of the country their validity is placed beyond question, and the discussion belongs really to the realm of casuistry. To consider either their validity or their repeal as bearing upon the question of suffrage in the Southern States is useless. They are the fundamental law of the land, and they will not be repealed.

The race question, as it is called, must be settled in other ways, and it is time lost to agitate the validity or repeal of the amendments. In the general discussion of the subject, which is certainly a very serious one, we have seen nothing truer or more worthy of consideration than a remark of President DECKER, of Roanoke College, in Virginia. He describes himself as a "Southern man" "by birth, education, and residence, an ex-Confederate soldier, whose home was in the track of SHERMAN'S march through South Carolina." Such a man of course speaks for others, and when he says that the negro "is naturally docile and peaceable, and if we treat him as a man, with the same fairness, justice, and consideration we claim for ourselves as men, the less we shall hear of race antagonism in the future." It is by the light of such primary and simple principles as these that the question must be settled, and this is undoubtedly as clear to intelligent citizens of the Southern States as it is to their fellow-citizens elsewhere. Senator EUSTIS, of Louisiana, makes a serious mistake in regarding the interest in this question which is felt in other States as an interference with the "local affairs" of his own State and other Southern States. He will agree certainly that it is not necessary to live in Louisiana or Mississippi to understand that the perpetual practical disfranchisement of half the legal voters or more is a condition of which President DECKER says truly, "For if we deprive any class of citizens of their lawful participation in the choice of law-makers and rulers, we repress or remove the most powerful incentive to the growth of that patriotic devotion to country which lies at the foundation of our national welfare, and gives the only sure promise of the perpetuity of our free institutions." This is surely a better point of departure from which to approach the subject than discussion of the validity of the amendments.

THREE APRIL DAYS.

BESIDES the great anniversary which is at hand, there are other memorable anniversary days in the month of April. The three most interesting are the 12th, the 15th, and the 19th, respectively the date of the beginning of the civil war, the death of LINCOLN, and the opening of the Revolution at Concord and Lexington. These are all days that will not be forgotten. The first will never be celebrated; but it will be remembered as the day on which differences not to be peacefully composed appealed to the tremendous ordeal which could alone adjust them. The passions of a civil war, following the acute exasperation of the slavery controversy, could not for a long time permit either side to do justice to the other except on the point of courage and tenacity. No honorable soldier on either side has ever doubted the heroic bravery of his opponents. None but Americans could have assailed the Union so long and strenuously, none but Americans could have so triumphantly maintained it, and certainly, we may add, none but Americans could have so honorably acquiesced in the result, on the one side without the vengeance which usually follows such success, on the other without secret conspiracy to baffle the result and to prolong the contest. In 1745 in England the STUART fires that had been suppressed in 1715 burst again into flame. But when in the United States in 1877 there were foolish counsellors upon their own side who hinted an armed decision of the contested national election, the Southern leaders who had laid down their arms in 1865 honorably refused to respond.

Thirty years are not yet passed since the 12th of April, 1861; but while national union is more firmly assured than at any time since it was founded a century ago, there is clearer intelligence than ever before of the theoretical views which seemed to justify to its supporters the assault of 1861. Close to this day is that upon which the last and most conspicuous victim of the civil war died. The feeling of that day, the overwhelming sense of nameless calamity, will never be forgotten by those who recall it, and cannot be comprehended by those who do not. LINCOLN'S service to his country was not less than WASHINGTON'S. His character is not less noble, his personality is more tenderly pathetic, and his name alone of all Americans will be associated with that of the Father of his Country. Like WASHINGTON'S, his birthday will be generally commemorated, and at his home in Illinois his grave will be visited on the anniversary of his death and strewn with flowers. That the Revolution should have given us WASHINGTON and the civil war LINCOLN may well justify for them the name of Providential men. But as types of American citizenship they are not only to be admired, but followed. The value of our praise of them is tested by our conduct.

The other anniversary is that of the battles of Concord and Lexington. But the skirmishes on Lexington Green and at Concord Bridge, compared with Shiloh and Gettysburg, can hardly be called battles. They were, however, equally significant events. There is no more interesting and picturesque chapter in our history than that which records the silent embarkation of the British in Boston, the light in the belfry, the ride of PAUL REVERE, rousing Middlesex as he went, the hasty muster at dawn on Lexington Common, the scattering shots, the march to Concord, the stand of the Minute-men at the bridge, the hasty retreat, the eager pursuit and closing in of the farmers, the scattering fight of the retreat all the way to Charlestown, the exclamation of SAMUEL ADAMS as he heard the shots, "Oh! what a glorious morning!" the awakening of the country to the consciousness of war, and the gradual resolution of independence. The story is already enshrined in our literature. BANCROFT, EMERSON, EVERETT, HAWTHORNE, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, have all celebrated it, and a noted town in Kentucky commemorates the fact that the news penetrated to the remote camp of the pioneers upon the remote frontier, who with patriotic enthusiasm called their settlement Lexington. It is not the memory of heroism only that the day recalls, the heroism of plain rural citizens, owners and tillers of the soil, but the grandeur of the cause which they defended. The story of these three April days shows how rich in heroic and inspiring traditions our annals are, and how wise is an occasional test of ourselves by the standard of our fathers.

THE GREAT CELEBRATION AND AMERICAN HISTORY.

IN some recent remarks upon the approaching celebration of the inauguration of the government, Mr. ADLER, urging some serious educational observance of the occasion, spoke of the period between the end of the war and the adoption of the Constitution as the least generally familiar in our history, but by no means the least interesting. This is true, but it is not because there are not excellent accounts of this period. Mr. BANCROFT'S and Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS'S histories of the Constitutional Convention, Mr. BACH MCMASTER'S *History of the American People*, and IRVING'S *Life of Washington*, all depict vividly this epoch of transition, and Mr. JOHN FISKE'S valuable work *The Critical Period of American History* is a complete and exceedingly interesting study of the time to which the public mind is now turned. But in interviews with publishers which were reported recently in the *Evening Post* there is no evidence that the interest in the approaching event leads to a larger demand for such literature, while the general popular knowledge of the Constitution is still probably not very great. There is no doubt, however, of a much keener interest in our history now than formerly. It is not many years since very intelligent Americans could not find the fascination in American which charmed them in English history. This was partly due doubtless to the skill of the historians, and to the traditions of education. But it was unpleasant to feel greater interest in the English revolutions of 1640 and 1688 than in the American Revolution of 1776.

That the historical sense is not wanting in American literary genius is sometimes grotesquely inferred from the fact that the first characteristic work in our literature was the burlesque history of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and it was not very long afterward that BANCROFT began his great work. Among modern historians American names are so distinguished that historical writing must be considered almost characteristic of our literature. This is the more striking because the fact disclosed itself before the national sentiment which is essential to the satisfactory development of native historical literature was fully conscious of itself. Even Mr. BANCROFT was not confident of the national future. Thirty-five years ago, when he was asked to how late a date he intended to bring his history, he said, "To the formation of the Constitution, because all after that is experiment." The civil war justified his view. But happily also it demonstrated that the experiment was successful. The same uncertainty at a much earlier period was expressed by ALEXANDER HAMILTON. President JOSIAH QUINCY, of Harvard, told a young friend in 1856 that he heard HAMILTON say not long before his death that he thought the Union under the Constitution might last for thirty years. It is curious that it was about thirty years after HAMILTON'S remark that the first serious blow at the Union was threatened by the nullification movement in South Carolina.

When the civil war was imminent the want of general familiarity with our history was evident. The condition from which the national Constitution sprang, the reasons of its compromises and of the want of a distinct literal provision for the emergency which had arisen, the peculiar attitude of the Federal party during the war of 1812, and the story of the Hartford Convention, were all obscure in the public mind. But when the great peril was past, and the truth was manifest that whatever the national sentiment of 1789 may have been, and however susceptible of various interpretation the Constitution might be, yet during all the years from 1789 to 1860, despite all theories of constitutional construction, an indissoluble nation had been developed, interest in our history became universal, and the contributions to it of the last quarter of a century have been of the highest value. That the celebration of this year will quicken this feeling is not to be doubted. Mr. BRYCE'S *American Commonwealth* will be the chief contemporary monument of this year in literature. His work, although that of an Englishman, is the product of profound sympathy with the American mind. Mr. BRYCE shows not only the candid interest of a philosophic observer like DE TOCQUEVILLE, but he has the American spirit. Every sign assures us that the American education which Mr. ADLER desires for Americans will not be wanting in the coming century.

THE PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE vote in Massachusetts upon the prohibition amendment will be known when this paper is issued. The question has never been discussed more ably nor before a more interested and intelligent community, and its decision will be an important event in the annals of the temperance movement. Some of the most distinguished lawyers in the State, of all parties, have signed a protest against the proposed amendment. Among them are ex-Attorney-General and Judge E. R. HOAR and ex-Governor GASTON. The ground of the protest is the view which we

recently quoted as maintained by Professor THAYER, of Harvard, that prohibition is not a proper subject for constitutional provision. The protest is as follows:

"The undersigned, believing that the Constitution of Massachusetts is and was intended by its distinguished framers to be an organization of government and a declaration of rights guaranteed to the individual citizen, and that under its provisions all police regulations and definitions of criminal offences were properly left to the Legislature for enactment by statute law, which could be annually controlled by the people of the commonwealth, are opposed to the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor. We believe that if such a change of law is expedient, it should be made—as all similar provisions of law have hitherto been made—by statute enactment. To attempt to put into the Constitution matters which were left by it entirely to legislative action will tend to subject the Constitution to constant amendment, may lead to doubt and confusion in its construction, and will tend to diminish the honor and reverence in which it is held by men of all parties."

This is the view approved publicly by very many influential and conspicuous citizens of the commonwealth. But the temperance sentiment in the State is very strong, and in no State of the Union is the moral aspect of politics more attractive, and the debate upon the amendment has been hot throughout the State. In every little village an earnest and moving appeal has been made to the farmers, often by respected clergymen, and the rural community is deeply stirred. It is not a question of ordinary politics, and the most uncompromising Republicans and Democrats are found upon both sides, and the strongest temperance men and radicals are divided upon the question. If ex-Attorney-General HOAR signed the protest, his brother, Senator HOAR, strongly favored the amendment, and if ex-Governor GASTON opposed, ex-Governor CLAFLIN approved.

The adhesion of Senator HOAR was hailed with enthusiasm by the prohibitionists, because he argued the question upon the constitutional as well as social and moral ground. The line between provisions which are properly constitutional and those which are properly statutory cannot be absolutely drawn. Many of the amendments to the national Constitution are restrictions upon the national power, to prevent interference with the rights of the States and their citizens, but they relate to subjects which may be matters of statutory as well as constitutional provision. It is held by prohibitionists that a matter which involves the social, moral, and physical welfare of the community, which is the most prolific source of crime, and which greatly increases taxation, may very properly be treated in the Constitution. Senator HOAR said that the Senators from Kansas declare that were the question resubmitted to the people of that State it would be favored by a majority of 50,000. In Iowa, he said, there are ninety-nine counties, and in forty-eight of them there is not a tenant in the county jail or a criminal case on the court docket, and not only is the number of criminals diminishing as population increases, but the criminal class is no longer recruited from the young. The Senator did not agree that reverence for the Constitution would be diminished by amending it, if the amendments were wise and expedient. The three great antislavery amendments are regarded, he argued, with as much respect as the body of the instrument.

But the sound principle that a constitution, besides providing a framework of government and the qualifications of electors, should contain only recognized and what may be called axiomatic principles of public policy, would not admit among them a police regulation like prohibition, upon which there is no agreement of opinion even among the special friends of temperance. There is no controversy about the evils of intemperance. It is conceded that it is the chief source of crime, poverty, and increased taxation. But the best method of treating it is wholly a tentative question, and we are inclined to think that the weight of intelligent opinion everywhere favors high license rather than prohibition. The experience of the State of Rhode Island is not encouraging to the theory of prohibitionists that a constitutional provision would settle the question. About five years since the amendment was adopted in Rhode Island, but the last Legislature voted to submit the question of repeal, and the present Legislature was elected mainly upon that issue, and the proposition of repeal will be probably passed by it and then submitted to the people. It would be exceedingly unfortunate if provisions of the fundamental law were made an issue at annual elections, and the evident radical diversity of opinions upon the method of regulating the liquor traffic so as best to promote the public welfare is a conclusive argument against the proposed constitutional amendment.

BOODLE AND RAPID TRANSIT.

THE general impression that a number of members of the Legislature large enough to affect legislation are, in plain English, corruptible was strikingly illustrated by a recent incident. Mayor GRANT'S Rapid Transit Bill has received general approval. It confers very great powers upon a commission, but the responsible exercise of such powers for the purpose is necessary, and they must be vested somewhere. There is a fair prospect under the bill of securing a much more satisfactory and convenient system of transit than now exists. Such a scheme, however, naturally alarms the elevated railroad company, which now practically monopolizes rapid transit.

This is the situation, and there was an excellent prospect of the passage of the Mayor's bill, when by a kind of legislative hocus-pocus it was dropped into a position upon the calendar which will necessarily greatly delay it if it does not defeat its passage. None of the reports of this performance admit that it was the result of a mistake or a blunder, and the conviction is that it was accomplished by other means than those which contemplate exclusively the public welfare.

One such fact is a revelation of the public opinion of the Legislature and of the omnipresent power of boodle in our politics. DUNNING'S famous phrase, that the power of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, may be fitly applied to another kind of power in this country. The suspicion with which the delay of the Rapid Transit Bill is regarded may be unfounded. But the significant fact is the instinctive suspicion.

CLEARING THE STREETS.

IF Mayor GRANT'S administration should be distinguished by the introduction of rapid transit and by the disappearance of the telegraph and other wire poles, it would be so far happily memorable. The work has begun auspiciously, under the sanction of Judge WALLACE, by order of the Mayor, and some of the streets are already relieved of the disfigurement. The law already provided for burying the wires. But the power of the great companies sought to paralyze and baffle it until the order of the court cleared the way. There may be at first some inconvenience, but the public advantage is so great and so obvious that momentary inconvenience will be forgotten.

It would be an excellent thing if the same rule of burial could be enforced in the rural suburbs. Many country roads and village streets are filled with the unsightly poles of the telegraph and electric light companies, and the pretty rural landscape is hideously deformed. The managers of the enterprises count upon the habitual good-nature of the American, and his indisposition to take the trouble and pay the cost of protecting the community from imposition. They appeal to his pride to be "up to the latest improvement," even at the price of covering the neighborhood with the monstrous ugliness of the poles and wires. In seeking to protect itself every community has to consider whether its village trustees or town supervisors or other local authorities are superior to the blandishments of "boodle."

New York is fortunate in a Mayor who in this matter relies upon the best sentiment of the city, and insists vigorously that the law shall be enforced.

PRESIDENTIAL HAND-SHAKING.

MRS. HARRISON is reported to have begun a very sensible reform: at the Japanese reception at the White House she refrained from shaking hands with the guests, although only three hundred were present. It is a reform which it is to be hoped the President will confirm, and we are glad to see that a beginning will be made at his first reception in New York at the Equitable Building on the first day of the great celebration. It is announced that, in accordance with the practice at the reception of WASHINGTON in 1789, the President will not shake hands with the guests, who will simply bow and pass on.

The questions of etiquette in the approaching celebration have seemed largely to monopolize the attention of the managers, and the discussions have exploded in very severe remarks both in the Legislature and in public comment. But the tremendous controversy will not have been wholly in vain if the centennial celebration shall lead to the abolition of the painful and cruel custom of Presidential hand-shaking at state receptions. The modern abuse—for it was not WASHINGTON'S custom—is to be set aside at the Equitable under the plea of conformity to the "earliest and best precedent." But the emancipation of the President from this prolonged outrage should be complete, and if he does not shake hands at the Equitable, we hope that he will have the courage not to shake hands at the City Hall.

There is no reason and no plausible excuse for requiring the President to undergo this exhausting ordeal. The physical suffering which it produces upon such occasions is familiar. Even the clever device attributed to the President of seizing the hand of the guest before the guest can seize his, and then pumping his arm instead of allowing the guest to pump the Presidential arm, cannot relieve him altogether of the consequences of this stupid abuse. Every sensible person in the country will be grateful to MRS. HARRISON for striking the first blow for this form of Executive freedom, and pray that the President may complete the good work.

THE FASSETT PRISON LABOR BILL.

THE prison labor bill of last summer, which condemned the State prisoners to idleness, cannot be described by any milder word than infamous. It was an act of sheer demagogism, intended to catch what is called the labor vote, and doomed the unhappy prisoners to cruel suffering and madness. Whatever view may be taken of penal discipline, whether imprisonment be regarded as caging brutes to prevent further mischief from them, which is a view held by some persons, or as an enforced withdrawal from ordinary life to be regarded both as a penalty of evil-doing and as an opportunity of reform, there can be no question that employment is the first requirement of common humanity. The convicts must be secluded from the world, but not tortured; and to prevent torture in its worst form they must work.

Their labor also must be productive. The tread-mill is a stupid folly. But if productive, it must necessarily come into competition with the fruit of labor outside of the prisons. The expense of the whole system of prisons must be borne entirely by outside labor, or the prisons must aid in their own support. Thus humanity and economy require the same course. The labor which preserves the sanity and the health of the prisoners helps to pay the expense of the prisons. This is a fundamental principle in any wise scheme of prison management. But the YATES bill, which stopped convict labor, was a mere device for a political campaign, a bid for ignorant votes, passed both in ignorance and in total disregard of the considerations which should affect such legislation.

The FASSETT bill, which is now pending, is not a demagogic trick, but a serious effort to deal wisely with a subject of the highest importance. It is the strongest commendation of the bill that it is strongly commended by the Prison Reform Association. It provides for grading the convicts into three classes, to be determined by comparative susceptibility to reform influences. Those most susceptible will be placed at work which will give them industrial training, and the least hopeful at merely productive labor. Unnecessary competition with outside labor is avoided by limiting the number of convicts employed in one kind of manufacture to ten per cent. of all persons in the State similarly employed. The bill is evidently the work of sincere and intelligent interest in the subject, and is as worthy of the support of the Legislature as the YATES bill was unworthy.

THE FIRST MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN RHODE ISLAND.

IT would be a very incomplete summary of the remarkable progress of the century in this country which should omit to mention the development of the national musical taste, and it is not alone nor chiefly in New York that this fact is noticeable. A signal illustration of it is the announcement of the first annual festival of the Rhode Island Choral Association at Providence, a city which has never been especially distinguished for musical culture, but which now proposes a festival embracing five concerts on three continuous days, beginning on the 29th of April. CARL ZERRAHN will be the director, and there will be a chorus of more than five hundred voices. The association is composed of a large number of the most prominent citizens of the State, and Mr. F. W. GODDARD, the president, is a gentleman singularly qualified to lead such an enterprise.

The State of Rhode Island maintains a system of musical education in the public schools, and the Choral Association, besides its general service to the public taste and pleasure, contemplates musical education supplementary to that of the schools. It is another striking sign of the times, for the more general in any community the love and cultivation of "the divine art," the greater its "civility."

PERSONAL.

AMONG the young men who have made their mark in this city is DR. MATTHEW D. FIELD, a nephew of DAVID DUDLEY and CYRUS W. FIELD. He has carefully studied insanity in all its phases, and has won an enviable reputation as an expert in this branch of his profession. Although so lame that he has to use a cane or a crutch, he is remarkably active, and his trips from the down-town office of the elevated railroads, where he is a surgeon, to Blackwell's Island, where he examines patients for the insane hospital, are probably as rapidly made as if he was able-bodied. Like three of his uncles, Dr. FIELD is a graduate of Williams College.

—One of the finest opals in the country is worn on his cap by the Chinese Minister at Washington. It is as large as a pigeon's egg, and is surrounded by diamonds. The value of the cap, with its ornament, is placed at $5000.

—Aged Farmer JAMES MARTIN, of Ballietsville, Pennsylvania, carried to his grave a fifty-year-old grudge against his daughter. He left an estate valued at $45,000, but all the daughter received was a little package that contained an ancient comic valentine which had caused all the trouble.

—It is remarkable how Rev. Dr. EDWARD BEECHER is recovering from the accident that necessitated the amputation of his leg. He is considerably over eighty years old.

—MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD and her husband, Dr. WARD, have returned from their missionary work in the South, and are now at Andover, Massachusetts, Mrs. WARD's old home.

—The widow of Ex-President POLK lives in Nashville, Tennessee, and is eighty-five years old. She only leaves home to attend church on Sunday, but wears black kid gloves most of the time, and walks with a gold-headed cane.

—Rev. Dr. F. S. CRAMER, a young rabbi, has embraced the Christian religion and turned Baptist at Montgomery, Alabama. He is finely educated, and took his recent step after deep religious study.

—General VON VERDY DU VERNOIS, the new German Minister of War, resembles General GRANT very strongly in face and expression. He is fifty-six years old, and one of the best-known writers on military topics.

—Countess OROSY, an Austrian noblewoman, has turned circus manager.

—The Pope is said to be a capital chess-player.

—The marriage portion of Miss BESSIE ROCKEFELLER, who recently was married to CHARLES A. STRONG, a young Rochester theologue, was $1,000,000.

—CARL BENJAMIN, a Newburyport (Massachusetts) sailor, who was cast away on one of the Caroline Islands nine years ago, has become king of the island, and has nineteen wives and fifty children.

—General LONGSTREET'S house was burned the other day, and he lost, among other relics, his Confederate uniform, the sword he carried for four years during the rebellion, and the spurs which he wore in the Mexican war.

—Among the wreaths placed on JOHN BRIGHT'S coffin was one of white and yellow flowers sent by the Queen from Biarritz, and bearing in her handwriting the words, "A mark of respect from VICTORIA, R.I." Wreaths were also sent by the Prince and Princess of Wales and Miss CORDEN.

—The $577 78 which Postmaster-General WANAMAKER received as his first month's salary was the first money he had received for salary since 1860. Before that he was a book-keeper.

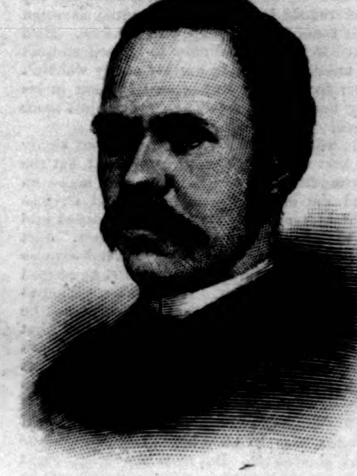
—One of the luckiest investments Secretary BLAINE ever made was in a mine at Leadville, Colorado. It has paid dividends of $4,500,000 in the last five years, one-seventh of which went to Mr. BLAINE, returning him $1300 for every one he invested.

—The widow and daughter of Chief-Justice WAITE have but little property besides their house at Washington, and will keep boarders to eke out their living.

—FREDERIC REMINGTON during his recent Mexican trip, undertaken in the interests of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and the WEEKLY, had a specimen member of various regiments in the regular army of Mexico under his immediate orders. He was thus enabled, through the courtesy of the Mexican Minister of War, to make a most complete series of military sketches. He also "did" scenes from life on the great *haciendas*, and a sanguinary bull-fight which he witnessed in the city of Mexico.

THE FIRST LEAGUE GAME OF BASE-BALL OF THE SEASON.—Drawn by C. D. Gibson.—[See Page 338.]

J. H. BLACKBURNE.



ISIDOR GUNSBERG.

MAX WEISS.

MICHAEL TSCHIGORIN.

THE LEADERS IN THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.—[SEE PAGE 330.]

THE LATE S. B. CHITTENDEN, OF BROOKLYN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. PEARSALL.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

HON. NATHAN F. DIXON, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

XI.

MRS. MARCH was one of those wives who exact a more rigid adherence to their ideals from their husbands than from themselves. Early in their married life she had taken charge of him in all matters which she considered practical. She did not include the business of bread-winning in these; that was an affair that might safely be left to his absent-minded, dreamy inefficiency, and she did not interfere with him there. But in such things as rehanging the pictures, deciding on a summer boarding-place, taking a sea-side cottage, repapering rooms, choosing seats at the theatre, seeing what the children ate when she was not at table, shutting the cat out at night, keeping run of calls and invitations, and seeing if the furnace was dampened, he had failed her so often that she felt she could not leave him the slightest discretion in regard to a flat. Her total distrust of his judgment in the matters cited and others like them consisted with the greatest admiration of his mind and respect for his character. She often said that if he would only bring these to bear in such exigencies he would be simply perfect; but she had long given up his ever doing so. She subjected him, therefore, to an iron code, but after proclaiming it she was apt to abandon him to the native lawlessness of his temperament. She expected him in this event to do as he pleased, and she resigned herself to it with considerable comfort in holding him accountable. He learned to expect this, and after suffering keenly from her disappointment with whatever he did, he waited patiently till she forgot her grievance and began to extract what consolation lurks in the irreparable. She would almost admit at moments that what he had done was a very good thing, but she reserved the right to return in full force to her original condemnation of it; and she accumulated each act of independent volition in witness and warning against him. Their mass oppressed but never deterred him. He expected to do the wrong thing when left to his own devices, and he did it without any apparent recollection of his former misdeeds and their consequences. There was a good deal of comedy in it all, and some tragedy.

He now experienced a certain expansion, such as husbands of his kind will imagine, on going back to his hotel alone. It was, perhaps, a revulsion from the pain of parting; and he toyed with the idea of Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment, which, in its preposterous unsuitability, had a strange attraction. He felt that he could take it with less risk than anything else they had seen, but he said he would look at all the other places in town first. He really spent the greater part of the next day in hunting up the owner of an apartment that had neither steam heat nor an elevator, but was otherwise perfect, and trying to get him to take less than the agent asked. By a curious psychical operation he was able, in the transaction, to work himself into quite a passionate desire for the apartment, while he held the Grosvenor Green apartment in the background of his mind as something that he could return to as altogether more suitable. He conducted some simultaneous negotiation for a furnished house, which enhanced still more the desirability of the Grosvenor Green apartment. Toward evening he went off at a tangent far uptown, so as to be able to tell his wife how utterly preposterous the best there would be as compared even with this ridiculous Grosvenor Green gimcrackery. It is hard to report the processes of his sophistication; perhaps this, again, may best be left to the marital imagination.

He rang at the last of these uptown apartments as it was falling dusk, and it was long before the janitor appeared. Then the man was very surly, and said if he looked at the flat now he would say it was too dark, like all the rest. His reluctance irritated March in proportion to his insincerity in proposing to look at it at all. He knew he did not mean to take it under any circumstances; that he was going to use his inspection of it in dishonest justification of his disobedience to his wife; but he put on an air of offended dignity. "If you don't wish to show the apartment," he said, "I don't care to see it."

The man groaned, for he was heavy, and no doubt dreaded the stairs. He scratched a match on his thigh, and led the way up. March was sorry for him, and he put his fingers on a quarter in his waistcoat pocket to give him at parting. At the same time he had to trump up an objection to the flat. This was easy, for it was advertised as containing ten rooms, and he found the number eked out with the bath-room and two large closets. "It's light enough," said March, "but I don't see how you make out ten rooms."

"There's ten rooms," said the man, deigning no proof.

March took his fingers off the quarter, and went down stairs and out of the door without another word. It would be wrong, it would be impossible, to give the man anything after such insolence. He reflected, with shame, that it was also cheaper to punish than forgive him.

He returned to his hotel prepared for any desperate measure, and convinced now that the Grosvenor Green apartment was not merely the only thing left for him, but was, on its own merits, the best thing in New York.

Fulkerson was waiting for him in the reading-room, and it gave March the curious thrill with which a man closes with temptation when he said: "Look here! Why don't you take that woman's flat in the Xenophon? She's been at the agents again, and they've been at me. She likes your looks—or Mrs. March's—and I guess you can have it at a pretty heavy discount from the original price. I'm authorized to say you can have it for one seventy-five a month, and I don't believe it would be safe for you to offer one fifty."

March shook his head, and dropped a mask of virtuous rejection over his corrupta cquiescence. "It's too small for us—we couldn't squeeze into it."

"Why, look here!" Fulkerson persisted. "How many rooms do you people want?"

"I've got to have a place to work—"

"Of course! And you've got to have it at the *Fifth Wheel* office."

"I hadn't thought of that," March began. "I suppose I *could* do my work at the office, as there's not much writing—"

"Why, of course you can't do your work at home. You just come round with me now, and look at that flat again."

"No; I can't do it."

"Why?"

"I—I've got to dine."

"All right," said Fulkerson. "Dine with me. I want to take you round to a little Italian place that I know."

One may trace the successive steps of March's course in this simple matter with the same edification that would attend the study of the self-delusions and obfuscations of a man tempted to crime. The process is probably not at all different, and to the philosophical mind the kind of result is unimportant; the process is everything.

Fulkerson led him down one block and half across another to the steps of a small dwelling-house, transformed, like many others, into a restaurant of the Latin ideal, with little or no structural change from the pattern of the lower middle-class New York home. There were the corroded brown-stone steps, the mean little front door, and the cramped entry with its narrow stairs by which ladies could go up to a dining-room appointed for them on the second floor; the parlors on the first were set about with tables, where men smoked cigarettes between the courses, and a single waiter ran swiftly to and fro with plates and dishes, and exchanged unintelligible outcries with a cook beyond a slide in the back parlor. He rushed at the new-comers, brushed the soiled table-cloth before them with a towel on his arm, covered its worst stains with a napkin, and brought them, in their order, the vermicelli soup, the fried fish, the cheese-strewn spaghetti, the veal-cutlets, the tepid roast fowl and salad, and the wizened pear and Swiss cheese and coffee, which form the dinner at such places.

"Ah, this is *nice!*" said Fulkerson, after the laying of the charitable napkin, and he began to recognize acquaintances, some of whom he described to March as young literary men and artists with whom they should probably have to do; others were simply frequenters of the place, and

"I PUT OUT MY HAND, AND I SAID, 'ISN'T THIS MR. DRYFOOS, FROM MOFFITT?'"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

were of all nationalities and religions apparently—at least, several were Hebrews and Cubans. "You get a pretty good slice of New York here," he said, "all except the frosting on top. That you won't find much at Maroni's, though you will occasionally. I don't mean the ladies ever, of course." The ladies present seemed harmless and reputable looking people enough, but certainly they were not of the first fashion, and, except in a few instances, not Americans. "It's like cutting straight down through a fruit cake," Fulkerson went on, "or a mince-pie, when you don't know who made the pie; you get a little of everything." He ordered a small flask of Chianti with the dinner, and it came in its pretty wicker jacket. March smiled upon it with tender reminiscence, and Fulkerson laughed. "Lights you up a little. I brought old Dryfoos here one day, and he thought it was sweet-oil; that's the kind of bottle they used to have it in at the country drug-stores."

"Yes, I remember now; but I'd totally forgotten it," said March. "How far back that goes! Who's Dryfoos?"

"Dryfoos?" Fulkerson, still smiling, tore off a piece of the half-yard of French loaf which had been supplied them, with two pale, thin disks of butter, and fed it into himself. "Old Dryfoos? Well, of course! I call him old, but he ain't so very. About fifty, or along there."

"No," said March, "that isn't very old—or not so old as it used to be."

"Well, I suppose you've got to know about him, anyway," said Fulkerson, thoughtfully. "And I've been wondering just how I should tell you. Can't always make out exactly how much of a Bostonian you really *are!* Ever been out in the natural gas country?"

"No," said March. "I've had a good deal of curiosity about it, but I've never been able to get away except in summer, and then we always preferred to go over the old ground, out to Niagara and back through Canada, the route we took on our wedding journey. The children like it as much as we do."

"Yes, yes," said Fulkerson. "Well, the natural gas country is worth seeing. I don't mean the Pittsburg gas fields, but out in northern Ohio and Indiana around Moffitt—that's the place in the heart of the gas region that they've been booming so. Yes, you ought to see that country. If you haven't been West for a good many years, you haven't got any idea how old the country looks. You remember how the fields used to be all full of stumps?"

"I should think so."

"Well, you won't see any stumps now. All that country out around Moffitt is just as smooth as a checker-board, and looks as old as England. You know how we used to burn the stumps out; and then somebody invented a stump-extractor, and we pulled them out with a yoke of oxen. Now they just touch 'em off with a little dynamite, and they've got a cellar dug and filled up with kindling ready for house-keeping whenever you want it. Only they haven't got any use for kindling in that country—all gas. I rode along on the cars through those level black fields at corn-planting time, and every once in a while I'd come to a place with a piece of ragged old stove-pipe stickin' up out of the ground, and blazing away like forty, and a fellow ploughing all round it and not minding it any more than if it was spring violets. Horses didn't notice it either. Well, they've always known about the gas out there; they say there are places in the woods where it's been burning ever since the country was settled.

"But when you come in sight of Moffitt—my, oh my! Well, you come in smell of it about as soon. That gas out there ain't odorless, like the Pittsburg gas, and so it's perfectly safe; but the smell isn't bad—about as bad as the finest kind of benzine. Well, the first thing that strikes you when you come to Moffitt is the notion that there's been a good warm, growing rain, and the town's come up overnight. That's in the suburbs, the annexes, and additions. But it ain't shabby—no shanty-town business; nice brick and frame houses, some of 'em Queen Anne style, and all of 'em looking as if they had come to stay. And when you drive up from the depot you think everybody's moving. Everything seems to be piled into the street; old houses made over, and new ones going up everywhere. You know the kind of street Main Street always used to be in our section—half plank-road and turnpike, and the rest mud-hole, and a lot of stores and doggeries strung along with false fronts a story higher than the back, and here and there a decent building with the gable end to the public; and a court-house and jail and two taverns and three or four churches. Well, they're all there in Moffitt yet, but architecture has struck it hard, and they've got a lot of new buildings that needn't be ashamed of themselves anywhere; the new court-house is as big as St. Peter's, and the Grand Opera-house is in the highest style of the art. You can't buy a lot on that street for much less than you can buy a lot in New York—or you couldn't when the boom was on: I saw the place just when the boom was in its prime. I went out there to work the newspapers in the syndicate business, and I got one of their men to write me a real bright, snappy account of the gas; and they just took me in their arms and showed me everything. Well, it *was* wonderful, and it was beautiful too! To see a whole community stirred up like that was—just like a big boy, all hope and high spirits, and no discount on the remotest future; nothing but perpetual boom to the end of time—I tell you it warmed your blood. Why, there were some things about it that made you think what a nice kind of world this would be if people ever took hold together, instead of each fellow fighting it out on his own hook, and devil take the hindmost. They made up their minds at Moffitt that if they wanted their town to grow they'd got to keep their gas public property. So they extended their corporation line so as to take in pretty much the whole gas region round there; and then the city took possession of every well that was put down, and held it for the common good. Anybody that's a mind to come to Moffitt and start any kind of manufacture can have all the gas he wants *free;* and for fifteen dollars a year you can have all the gas you want to heat and light your private house. The people hold on to it for themselves, and, as I say, it's a grand sight to see a whole community hanging together and working for the good of all, instead of splitting up into as many different cutthroats as there are able-bodied citizens. See that fellow?" Fulkerson broke off, and indicated with a twirl of his head a short, dark, foreign-looking man going out of the door. "They say that fellow's a Socialist. I think it's a shame they're allowed to come here. If they don't like the way we manage our affairs, let 'em stay at home," Fulkerson continued. "They do a lot of mischief, shooting off their mouths round here. I believe in free speech and all that, but I'd like to see those fellows shut up in jail and left to jaw each other to death. *We* don't want any of their poison."

March did not notice the vanishing Socialist. He was watching, with a teasing sense of familiarity, a tall, shabbily dressed, elderly man, who had just come in. He had the aquiline profile uncommon among Germans, and yet March recognized him at once as German. His long, soft beard and mustache had once been fair, and they kept some tone of their yellow in the gray to which they had turned. His eyes were full, and his lips and chin shaped the beard to the noble outline which shows in the beards the Italian masters liked to paint for their Last Suppers. His carriage was erect and soldierly, and March presently saw that he had lost his left hand. He took his place at a table where the overworked waiter found time to cut up his meat, and put everything in easy reach of his right hand.

"Well," Fulkerson resumed, "they took me round everywhere in Moffitt, and showed me their big wells—lit 'em up for a private view, and let me hear them purr with the soft accents of a mass-meeting of locomotives. Why, when they let one of these wells loose in a meadow that they'd piped it into temporarily, it drove the flame away forty feet from the mouth of the pipe and blew it over half an acre of ground. They say when they let one of their big wells burn away all winter before they had learned how to control it, that well kept up a little summer all around it; the grass staid green, and the flowers bloomed all through the winter. *I* don't know whether it's so or not. But I can believe anything of natural gas. My! but it was beautiful when they turned on the full force of that well and shot a Roman candle into the gas—that's the way they light it—and a plume of fire about twenty feet wide and seventy-five feet high, all red and yellow and violet, jumped into the sky, and that big roar shook the ground under your feet! You felt like saying, 'Don't trouble yourself; I'm perfectly convinced. I believe in Moffitt. We-e-e-ll!" drawled Fulkerson, with a long breath, "that's where I met old Dryfoos."

"Oh yes!—Dryfoos," said March. He observed that the waiter had brought the old one-handed German a towering glass of beer.

"Yes," Fulkerson laughed. "We've got round to Dryfoos again. I thought I could cut a long story short, but I seem to be cutting a short story long. If you're not in a hurry, though—"

"Not in the least. Go on as long as you like."

"I met him there in the office of a real-estate man—speculator, of course; everybody was, in Moffitt; but a first-rate fellow, and public spirited as all get-out; and when Dryfoos left he told me about him. Dryfoos was an old Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, about three or four miles out of Moffitt, and he'd lived there pretty much all his life; father was one of the first settlers. Everybody knew he had the right stuff in him, but he was slower than molasses in January, like those Pennsylvania Dutch. He'd got together the largest and handsomest farm anywhere around there; and he was making money on it, just like he was in some business somewhere; he was a very intelligent man; he took the papers and kept himself posted; but he was awfully old-fashioned in his ideas. He hung on to the doctrines as well as the dollars of the dads; it was a real thing with him. Well, when the boom began to come he hated it awfully, and he fought it. He used to write communications to the weekly newspaper in Moffitt—they've got three dailies there now—and throw cold water on the boom. He couldn't catch on noway. It made him sick to hear the clack that went on about the gas the whole while, and that stirred up the neighborhood and got into his family. Whenever he'd hear of a man that had been offered a big price for his land and was going to sell out and move into town, he'd go and labor with him and try to talk him out of it, and tell him how long his fifteen or twenty thousand would last him to live on, and shake the Standard Oil Company before him, and try to make him believe it wouldn't be five years before the Standard owned the whole region.

"Of course he couldn't do anything with them. When a man's offered a big price for his farm, he don't care whether it's by a secret emissary from the Standard Oil or not; he's going to sell, and get the better of the other fellow if he can. Dryfoos couldn't keep the boom out of his own family, even. His wife was with him. She thought whatever he said and did was just as right as if it had been thundered down from Sinai. But the young folks were sceptical, especially the girls that had been away to school. The boy that had been kept at home because he couldn't be spared from helping his father manage the farm was more like him, but they contrived to stir the boy up with the hot end of the boom too. So when a fellow came along one day and offered old Dryfoos a cool hundred thousand for his farm, it was all up with Dryfoos. He'd 'a' liked to 'a' kept the offer to himself and not done anything about it, but his vanity wouldn't let him do that; and when he let it out in his family, the girls outvoted him. They just *made* him sell.

"He wouldn't sell all. He kept about eighty acres that was off in one piece by itself, but the three hundred that had the old brick house on it, and the big barn—that went, and Dryfoos bought him a place in Moffitt, and moved into town to live on the interest of his money. Just what he had scolded and ridiculed everybody else for doing. Well, they say that at first he seemed like he would go crazy. He hadn't anything to do. He took a fancy to that land-agent, and he used to go and set in his office and ask him what he should do. 'I hain't got any horses, I hain't got any cows, I hain't got any pigs, I hain't got any chickens. I hain't got anything to do from sunup to sundown.' The fellow said the tears used to run down the old fellow's cheeks, and if he hadn't been so busy himself he believed he should 'a' cried too. But most o' people thought old Dryfoos was down in the mouth because he hadn't asked more for his farm, when he wanted to buy it back and found they held it at a hundred and fifty thousand. People couldn't believe he was just homesick and heartsick for the old place. Well, perhaps he *was* sorry he hadn't asked more; that's human nature *too.*

"After a while something happened. That land-agent used to tell Dryfoos to get out to Europe with his money and see life a little, or go and live in Washington, where he could *be* somebody; but Dryfoos wouldn't, and he kept listening to the talk there, and all of a sudden he caught on. He came into that fellow's one day with a plan for cutting up the eighty acres he'd kept into town lots; and he'd got it all plotted out so well, and had so many practical ideas about it, that the fellow was astonished. He went right in with him, as far as Dryfoos would let him, and glad of the chance; and they were working the thing for all it was worth when I struck Moffitt. Old Dryfoos wanted me to go out and see the Dryfoos & Hendry Addition—guess he thought maybe I'd write it up; and he drove me out there himself. Well, it was funny to see a town made: streets driven through; two rows of shade trees, hard and soft, planted; cellars dug and houses put up—regular Queen Anne style too, with stained glass—all at once. Dryfoos apologized for the streets because they were hand-made; said they expected their street-making machine Tuesday, and then they intended to *push* things."

Fulkerson enjoyed the effect of his picture on March for a moment, and then went on: "He was mighty intelligent too, and he questioned me up about my business as sharp as *I* ever was questioned; seemed to kind of strike his fancy; I guess he wanted to find out if there was any money in it. He was making money, hand over hand, then; and he never stopped speculating and improving till he'd scraped together three or four hundred thousand dollars: they said a million, but they like round numbers at Moffitt, and I guess half a million would lay over it comfortably and leave a few thousands to spare, probably. Then he came on to New York."

Fulkerson struck a match against the ribbed side of the porcelain cup that held the matches in the centre of the table, and lit a cigarette, which he began to smoke, throwing his head back with a leisurely effect, as if he had got to the end of at least as much of his story as he meant to tell without prompting.

March asked him the desired question—"What in the world for?"

Fulkerson took out his cigarette and said, with a smile: "To spend his money, and get his daughters into the old Knickerbocker society. Maybe he thought they were all the same kind of Dutch."

"And has he succeeded?"

"Well, they're not social leaders yet. But it's only a question of time—generation or two—especially if time's money, and if *Every Other Week* is the success it's bound to be."

"You don't mean to say, Fulkerson," said March, with a half-doubting, half-daunted laugh, "that *he's* your Angel?"

"That's what I mean to say," returned Fulkerson. "I ran onto him in Broadway one day last summer. If you ever saw anybody in your life, you're sure to meet him in Broadway again, sooner or later. That's the philosophy of the bunco business; country people from the same neighborhood are sure to run up against each other the first time they come to New York. I put out my hand, and I said, 'Isn't this Mr. Dryfoos from Moffitt?' He didn't seem to have any use for my hand; he let me keep it; and he squared those old lips of his till his imperial stuck straight out. Ever see Bernhardt in *L'Étrangère?* Well, the American husband is old Dryfoos all over; no mustache, and hay-colored chin-whiskers cut slanting from the corners of his mouth. He cocked his little gray eyes at me, and says he: 'Yes, young man. My name *is* Dryfoos, and I'm from Moffitt. But I don't want no present of Longfellow's Works, illustrated; and I don't want to taste no fine teas; but I know a policeman that does; and if you're the son of my old friend Squire Strohfeldt, you'd better get out.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'how would you like to go into the newspaper syndicate business?' He gave another look at me, and then he burst out laughing, and he grabbed my hand, and he just froze to it. I never saw anybody so glad.

"Well, the long and the short of it was that I asked him round here to Maroni's to dinner; and before we broke up for the night we had settled the financial side of the plan that's brought you to New York. I can see," said Fulkerson, who had kept his eyes fast on March's face, "that you don't more than half like the idea of Dryfoos. It ought to give you more confidence in the thing than you ever had. You needn't be afraid," he added, with some feeling, "that I talked Dryfoos into the thing for my own advantage."

"Oh, my dear Fulkerson!" March protested, all the more fervently because he was really a little guilty.

"Well, of course not! I didn't mean you were. But I just happened to tell him what I wanted to go into when I could see my way to it, and he caught on of his own accord. The fact is," said Fulkerson, "I guess I'd better make a clean breast of it, now I'm at it. Dryfoos wanted to get something for that boy of his to do. He's in railroads himself, and he's in mines and other things, and he keeps busy, and he can't bear to have his boy hanging round the house doing nothing, like as if he was a girl. I told him that the great object of a rich man was to get his son into just that fix; but he couldn't seem to see it, and the boy hated it himself. He's got a good head, and he wanted to study for the ministry when they were all living together out on the farm; but his father had the old-fashioned ideas about that. You know they used to think that any sort of stuff was good enough to make a preacher out of, but they wanted the good timber for business; and so the old man wouldn't let him. You'll see the fellow; you'll like him; he's no fool, I can tell you; and he's going to be our publisher, nominally at first, and actually when I've taught him the ropes a little."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

THE sixth International Chess Tournament, now being held in this city, is half over, and the four leaders are very close together. Although there are some of the best players in the world pitted against each other in this contest, the absence of WILLIAM STEINITZ and Captain MACKENZIE has been greatly regretted. With these two men in the struggle it would have been one of the greatest seen in late years. MACKENZIE was, however, too ill to play, and STEINITZ was too much occupied with business interests to devote the time necessary for the tournament. In spite of this the games have been in many cases brilliant and well worth seeing.

The first round was finished on April 16th, and WEISS was in the lead by one-half of a game, his score being $15\frac{1}{2}$ games won and $3\frac{1}{2}$ lost. BLACKBURNE was second, having won 15 and lost 4. TSCHIGORIN and GUNSBERG were tied in third place, each having won 14 and lost 5. After these four leaders were BURN, LIPSCHUTZ, TAUBENHAUS, JUDD, and MASON, in the order named. The rest of the twenty players were in the second rank—a division of that kind seeming warranted by the circumstances. As the tournament progresses the interest in it increases, and the contests are watched by a large number of people. Days have been set apart upon which ladies are present, and the result of the present tourney has been such as to create in many a desire to learn the game.

The four leaders have been taken as the subject of illustrations, and a short sketch of each follows.

BLACKBURNE was born in Manchester, England, in 1842. He was an excellent checker-player in his early youth, but did not come into public notice as a chess-player until 1859. In 1869 he was one of ten players defeated by the celebrated PAUL MORPHY in a blindfold game of chess. The day following the game he began playing blindfold, starting with one game, and gradually increasing the number until, at the end of three weeks, he was playing ten at the same time. He is now accounted the best blindfold player living. Since 1868 he has competed in almost every tournament in Europe, and has never failed to gain a place. In 1868 he won the English championship cup; he was second to STEINITZ in the International Tournament in London in 1872; in 1874 he won first place in the Masters' Tournament in London; he played a match with GUNSBERG in 1881 at Berlin, and in a tournament at the same time and place was first, having vanquished MASON, PAULSEN, ZUCKERTORT, and TSCHIGORIN; in the British Chess Club Handicap he beat BIRD and GUNSBERG, and in Frankfort in 1887 he tied with WEISS for second place, MACKENZIE being first; in November last he played against twenty-two of the strongest chess-players of the Liverpool club simultaneously, and won eighteen, drew three, and lost one to BURN.

ISIDOR GUNSBERG was born in Buda-Pest, November 2, 1854. His first play was in Paris in 1867, and in the tournament of that year he played against ROSENTHAL, who gave him the odds of a queen. He dropped out of public life until 1876, when he went to London, which place he has since made his home. In 1885 he won first prize in the City of London Handicap, and also in the Inaugural Congress of the British Chess Association, not losing a single game in the latter contest. He took part in the International Chess Congress in Hamburg in 1885, winning by one-half of a game, as has been before stated. He played a match with BIRD in 1886, and won by a score of five to one, and in a match with BLACKBURNE in 1887 he won five out of seven games. The same year he tied for first place in the National Congress of the British Chess Association. Last year he won first prize in the Handicap at SIMPSON'S, and in the International Congress of the British Chess Association, having not lost a game in the former.

TSCHIGORIN entered the European chess arena in the Berlin Tournament of 1881, where he secured fourth place, BLACKBURNE being first, ZUCKERTORT second, and WINAWER third. In the Vienna Tournament of 1882 he did not get a place,

and in 1883 he secured fourth place, the leaders being Zuckertort, Steinitz, and Blackburne. He was brought into prominence by his match in Havana with Steinitz, when he was beaten.

Max Weiss was born in Hungary, and has played in three international tournaments, the first being in Hamburg in 1885, when he tied for second place with Blackburne, Englisch, Mason, and Dr. Tarrasch, Gunsberg being first. In 1887, in Frankfurt, he tied with Blackburne for second place, the winner being Mackenzie; and at Bradford, in 1888, when Gunsberg won, he tied again with Blackburne, this time for fifth place. Most curiously he has tied with Blackburne in every tournament he has been seen in.

During the tournament the appearance of the four men is very different. Blackburne sits at the table with his hat on and a pipe in his mouth, intently watching the game, and pushing his adversary hard. Gunsberg, a light blond, sits sipping seltzer, is very deliberate in his play, and seems to be watching his antagonist out of the corner of his eye. Tschigorin, black-haired, with swarthy skin, and bright blue eyes, is much the best-looking man in the room. He drinks coffee and smokes cigars, and is somewhat nervous in his manner; now and again he walks about looking at the other games in progress. Weiss looks like a good-natured German, and very unlike a chess-player; he appears to be very neglectful of the game, but woe betide the player who forces him.

Blackburne, Gunsberg, and Tschigorin belong to what is known as the Morphy school. They go in for combinations, which very often result in a brilliant game. Weiss belongs to the Vienna school, and has a style of play which is the reverse of that of the others. He plays a steady, careful game, which is often long drawn out and not particularly interesting. Blackburne's favorite opening is the Scotch gambit, of which he is a master, but he has not played it as yet in this tournament. Gunsberg favors the king's gambit, and Tschigorin prefers the Evans gambit. Weiss never ventures upon a gambit, but always plays for a draw. If his opponent tries to win and will not accept the draw, Weiss watches carefully, and on the slightest mistake jumps in and wins. He rarely loses a game, and has not yet lost one in this tournament. By these tactics he has the lead, and is the favorite for the first prize. The prize for the most brilliant game is likely to go to Blackburne, as he now has at least three games of that sort to his credit.

HON. SIMEON B. CHITTENDEN.

Mr. Simeon Baldwin Chittenden, who died in Brooklyn on Sunday the 14th, was closely connected with the growth of that city, in which he had lived for nearly a half-century, but he was still better known among the leading business men of New York, and in public life as Representative from the Third District for seven years in Congress. He was a native of Connecticut, having been born in Guilford, March 29, 1814, at the homestead that had been in his family since the settlement of the town in 1639. He was of the purest New England blood, and had a modest pride in his lineage. He established himself in the wholesale dry-goods business in this city in 1842, and at the time of his retirement, on his election to Congress in 1874, he had built up one of the largest houses in that trade in the Union, and had acquired an ample fortune. Mr. Chittenden was one of the founders of the Continental Life-Insurance Company and the Continental Bank, a trustee of the United States Trust Company, a director for many years of the Union Ferry Company, President for many years of the New Haven and New London Railroad Company, director of a number of other railway companies, and Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce. In business he was marked by great energy and courage, combined with sagacity and prudence and an unswerving integrity. He supported Mr. Lincoln in 1860, in response to the "black-listing" of his name by a Richmond paper, and during the war gave unstintingly of his time, labor, and money to the cause of the Union. He was one of the founders of the Union Defence Committee of New York and the War Fund Committee of Brooklyn, and was for seven years the managing director of the Brooklyn *Union* newspaper, established in 1863 as an organ of the Union sentiment of that city. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1874 as an Independent Republican, and was re-elected from time to time until 1881, when he retired from public life. During his term of service in Congress, his party being in the minority, he had but a subordinate part in the active business of the House, but he engaged frequently and with increasing effectiveness in the discussion of questions of finance and taxation. He was a firm advocate of specie payments, and a most earnest critic and opponent of the continuance of the legal-tender notes after the war. He believed the reissue of these notes under the act of May, 1878, to be unconstitutional, and brought a case in the United States courts to secure a decision on that point. It was adverse; but his view was sustained by many of the soundest jurists of the Union. Mr. Chittenden was also an aggressive enemy of the issue of depreciated legal-tender silver. In private life he was a most generous but modest and delicate giver to causes that he believed worthy, but no pressure or solicitation could make him contribute to what his judgment did not approve. His gifts to Yale College amounted in all to about a quarter of a million, while in his own city the institutions of education and of wise charity were freely helped by him. The Brooklyn Library, the Historical Society, the Art Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Children's Aid Society, the Eye and Ear Hospital, received largely of his carefully bestowed bounty. His private benefactions—often known only to the agents through whom he conveyed them—were more than generous. And it was his peculiar characteristic that he gave not so much from any sense of duty as from the joy of doing good.

NATHAN FELLOWS DIXON.

Nathan Fellows Dixon, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from Rhode Island, belongs to a family in which political talent seems to be a hereditary trait. His father, who bore the same name, served five terms in Congress, and was one of the Governor's Council during the Dorr rebellion. His grandfather, also named Nathan Fellows Dixon, was elected United States Senator in 1838, and was for a time President of that body. It is a curious fact, too, that this grandfather was in the Senate during the brief Presidential term of William Henry Harrison, the grandfather of the present President.

Mr. Dixon was born at Westerly, Rhode Island, in 1847, and was educated at Brown University, from which he was graduated in 1869. He then studied law two years at the Albany Law School, and began practice at his native town in 1871. From 1877 till 1885 he was United States District Attorney, and when Jonathan Chace resigned his seat in the national House of Representatives, to take the seat in the Senate made vacant by the death of Henry B. Anthony, Mr. Dixon was elected for the unexpired term. In 1886 he was a candidate for re-election, but as neither party obtained a majority, another election had to be held, and Mr. Dixon gave place to Warren O. Arnold, who was elected. Notwithstanding this bit of bad luck, he was chosen to represent his district in the State Senate, a position which he was occupying when selected for the higher place. Curiously enough, his first political preferment was obtained on the resignation of Mr. Chace, and he now takes that gentleman's place in the Upper House of Congress.

Mr. Dixon is a strong protectionist and a Republican of the strictest kind. This is, of course, what was to be expected, for the prevailing sentiment of Republicanism in Rhode Island would have prevented the election of any one who did not combine those features. His principal opponent at this last election was ex-Governor George Peabody Wetmore, who obtained 41 votes, against 51 for Mr. Dixon, with 7 votes for other candidates.

A lawyer of good ability, with an excellent reputation for integrity and fidelity, there is every reason to believe that the Legislature of Rhode Island has made a wise choice in selecting Mr. Dixon for this high office.

PUTTING THE WIRES UNDERGROUND.

When the great American nation was arguing and pondering on the question how to resume specie payment after the paper currency era that followed the civil war, Horace Greeley suddenly said, "The way to resume is to resume." In similar fashion has the Mayor of New York disposed of a question that has bothered legislators, specialists, and the public for a number of years. Nearly everybody was agreed that the presence in the streets of so crowded a city as this of thousands of huge telegraph poles constituted an obstruction and a serious blemish to the city's appearance, and, moreover, that the myriad wires strung along overhead were not only unsightly, but a source of considerable danger in many ways. They interfered with the firemen's work in a number of serious fires, and they were the cause of fires in many instances. Even more serious were one or two fatal accidents caused by the breaking of badly insulated wires used to carry the tremendous currents necessary for electric lighting. The only people who disagreed with this view were those engaged in business which requires the use of the wires.

Accordingly there grew into great proportions an urgent demand on the part of the public that the wires be taken down and put underground. Legislative wisdom at Albany culminated in the appointment of a commission to consider the best way of doing this, and at an expense to the State of many thousands of dollars this commission has considered the subject for some two years. Laws have been passed. Courts have ordered the wires down. A subway has been constructed, at least in part, to receive the wires after they should be taken down. The work has gone on in the most approved legal methods, and has been energetically pushed by grand masters of the great art of "how not to do it." But the wires still remained overhead.

Mayor Grant was confronted with the problem when he came into office, and after due thought remarked, "The way to take the wires down is to take them down." Forthwith he ordered the work begun, and it is now well under way. Now that it is going on, everybody marvels at the simplicity of his masterly solution, and wonders why somebody else didn't think of it before.

Of course there has been stubborn opposition. The companies that use the wires have tried to shirk the extra expense involved, and after the manner of corporations have lavished their money on lawyers and legal proceedings in the effort to obstruct the work. They have, however, been defeated, and soon the city will be entirely free, as it is now free in part, of the dangerous nuisances.

The effect on the appearance of the streets is greater than was reasonably to be expected, and at first sight is a fair surprise to any one familiar with the former appearance of the localities already clear. Broadway especially looks wider, cleaner, and by a large percentage handsomer than before, and the neighborhoods of Union Square and Madison Square seem to have had unsuspected windows and doors thrown suddenly open.

It was perhaps not to be expected that so considerable a work could be accomplished without some accidents, and a few have occurred. One of the workmen engaged in removing a pole was, indeed, killed, but the accident seems to have been the result of his own carelessness. Several minor casualties have been reported, and seem to have occurred on account of insufficient precaution on the part of the police. It might perhaps have been better to have done the work at night. The main thing, however, has been accomplished, and the wires are down. Some inconvenience has resulted from the temporary eclipse of the electric lights, but this will soon be remedied.

THE CENTENNIAL LOAN EXHIBITION.

All sections of the United States have sent contributions to the loan exhibition of the centennial celebration now on view in the assembly-rooms of the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York. If special in a certain sense, portraits, busts, medallions, miniature sketches, and engravings of Washington occupying the more important place, objects belonging to the first President of the United States claiming an equal attention, the collection is general of its kind, embracing not only the silver-ware of the period, but is supplemented by an exhibition made by the Fellowcraft Club of New York of the newspapers and magazines issued in the country just prior to or contemporaneous with the inauguration of General Washington.

The object of the Centennial Committee on Art and Exhibition was to make the collection as comprehensive as the space allotted in the building would permit, and that the memorials of a century ago should illustrate the inaugural period. In a certain way these limitations, which would have made the exhibition one strictly devoted to objects appertaining to George Washington, have been widened. Some day in the future it is hoped that a loan collection may be made of the objects in use in ordinary life by the people of this country during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods.

The portraits of Washington on exhibition are many. Here are the Peales, the Trumbulls, the Stuarts, all so well known to collectors—the identical pictures which have impressed the features of the Father of his Country on the memories of a past and present generation. Very conspicuous for color are the works of Stuart, distinguished at the same time for careful details. Differences between the pictures of the two Peales as to the main points of George Washington's features are really slight. There seems to be little doubt that we really do know exactly how our great hero looked. As he grew older there were changes, due to a somewhat different expression conveyed by the lines of the mouth; but as John Trumbull painted the man in military guise as a soldier, or as Gilbert Stuart caught the likeness of Washington in the statesman's guise, the traits show no marked dissimilarities. Of the busts, the most celebrated is the one made by Ceracchi in Philadelphia, 1795. The miniatures are numerous, some of them novel to those who are best acquainted with the pictures of Washington. Martha Washington is represented in five portraits and with many miniatures. As to the statesmen of the period, the illustrations are many. Here is Patrick Henry, with his glasses on his forehead. A pastel of Benjamin Franklin, the work of a friend and a neighbor of the sage while he lived at Passy, is remarkable as a contemporaneous work. One portrait of Jefferson, showing the strength and vigor of a practised hand, is conspicuous for its artistic excellence. If Jefferson was the brains of the Revolution, this picture shows it.

As the visitor ascends the stairs to the rooms, two bronze cannon of French make are in position. With Bourbon lilies intertwined, the mottoes run, "Ultima Ratio Regum," and, "De Pluribus Nec Impar." We discard ornamentation on guns to-day, but they are none the less deadly.

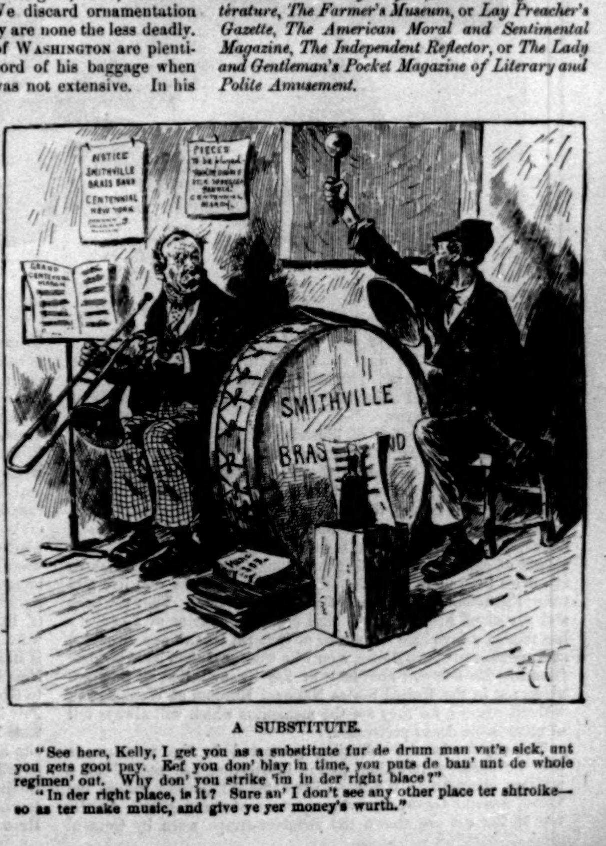
The personal relics of Washington are plentiful. We have the record of his baggage when on the march, and it was not extensive. In his correspondence, it may be remembered, he occasionally asks for an additional supply of crockery for the use of his mess table. There were short commons at Valley Forge, and perhaps elegance as to camp service was secondary to the practical getting of meat or bread. A trunk used by the General is on exhibition—the one which followed him during the war. The field-glass General Washington used, with the original case, is shown in the illustration. The glass lies on a cushion worked by the hands of Mrs. Washington. In the same case where these precious relics are exhibited are other specimens of Mrs. Washington's skill, as seen in a net fashioned by her. The inauguration chair, the one used by General Washington, has been made one of the subjects of the illustration. A suit of brown silk clothes worn by General Washington is also shown. The stuff is excellent, looking in its tissue like a modern rep. It is snuff-colored, and has withstood the erosion of time. Pater Patriæ dressed well, and was particular as to material, fit, and cut of his clothes. A pair of silver buckles which once glistened on Washington's shoes may be found in the sketch. The smaller trunk is a casket which was given by Washington to Nellie Custis, and the green morocco covering is as perfect to-day as when it was made.

A great deal of interest will be taken in the two swords worn by Washington. They are dress swords, but one is more elegant and elaborate in design and ornamentation than the other. The sword for state occasions has greater weight and thickness just at the guard. It had become the fashion in France to wear swords for full dress which were of such slight and slim proportions as to be as supple as willows. Awkward men sometimes entangled their legs in their swords and fell. Washington's best sword being made without pliancy below the guard prevented any accidents. A silver lamp of classic form which the General used for many years is shown in the picture. A china cup and saucer, a part of a set much cherished by Martha Washington, has been sketched. This china was loaned by Mrs. Cleveland. A pair of vases were presented by General Lafayette to his illustrious chief, and one of these figures in the picture. The favorite writing-desk of General Washington forms one of the most conspicuous objects of the collection. It is a large and handsome piece of furniture, and so arranged as to allow plenty of room for the writer, with ample provision for the stowing away of correspondence. There has been very much disputing as to the gold pen and its first use. There is a gold pen on exhibition. It is fitted into a silver case, and an inscription tells how Washington used it "to write despatches during the war," and gave the pen to General A. W. White in 1789.

Everywhere may be discovered objects recalling the Revolution. Here is the sash worn by Lafayette at the battle of Brandywine, and the sash still shows blood stains from the wound which struck down that gallant French officer.

The silver exhibition is by far the finest ever brought together in the United States. We may hear a great deal about the Spartan simplicity of those early times, but all the tobacco that went to London from Virginia had not for return the absolute necessities of life. Good plate came to Virginia, to Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina from England and France long before the Revolution, and the silversmiths of London and Paris found good customers in the provinces. The florid styles of Louis XVI. are prevalent. Whether Paul Revere was an artist of that higher stamp which establishes celebrity, chroniclers do not state, but he certainly made good substantial plate. Cornelius Kierstead, the Hollander, brought his craft to the American provinces from the Netherlands. Early American plate has bullion value, is curious, but has little artistic merit. In the silversmith's art contemporaneous with the inauguration the Philadelphia plate-maker stood first in rank. A Quaker liked a good teapot and sugar-bowl. Boston was next in skill. How such a fine collection as the one now exhibited escaped the vicissitudes of fortune is akin to the miraculous.

The exhibition due to the efforts of the Fellowcraft Club is an interesting one. Titles of journalistic ventures of a century ago have in no small measure been retained, and *The Bee*, *The Courant*, *The Monitor*, *The Palladium*, *The Centinel*, *The Argus*, *The Independent*, with some slight modifications, still exist. We have discarded the mythological titles. An *American Apollo* might to-day twang his lyre or shoot his arrows quite unheeded. It is doubtful whether we will ever resuscitate *The Nightingale*, or a *Mélange de Littérature*, *The Farmer's Museum*, or *Lay Preacher's Gazette*, *The American Moral and Sentimental Magazine*, *The Independent Reflector*, or *The Lady and Gentleman's Pocket Magazine of Literary and Polite Amusement*.



A SUBSTITUTE.

"See here, Kelly, I get you as a substitute fur de drum man vat's sick, ant you gets goot pay. Ef you don' blay in time, you puts de ban' unt de whole regiment' out. Why don' you strike 'im in der right place?"

"In der right place, is it? Sure an' I don't see any other place ter shtroike—so as ter make music, and give ye yer money's wurth."

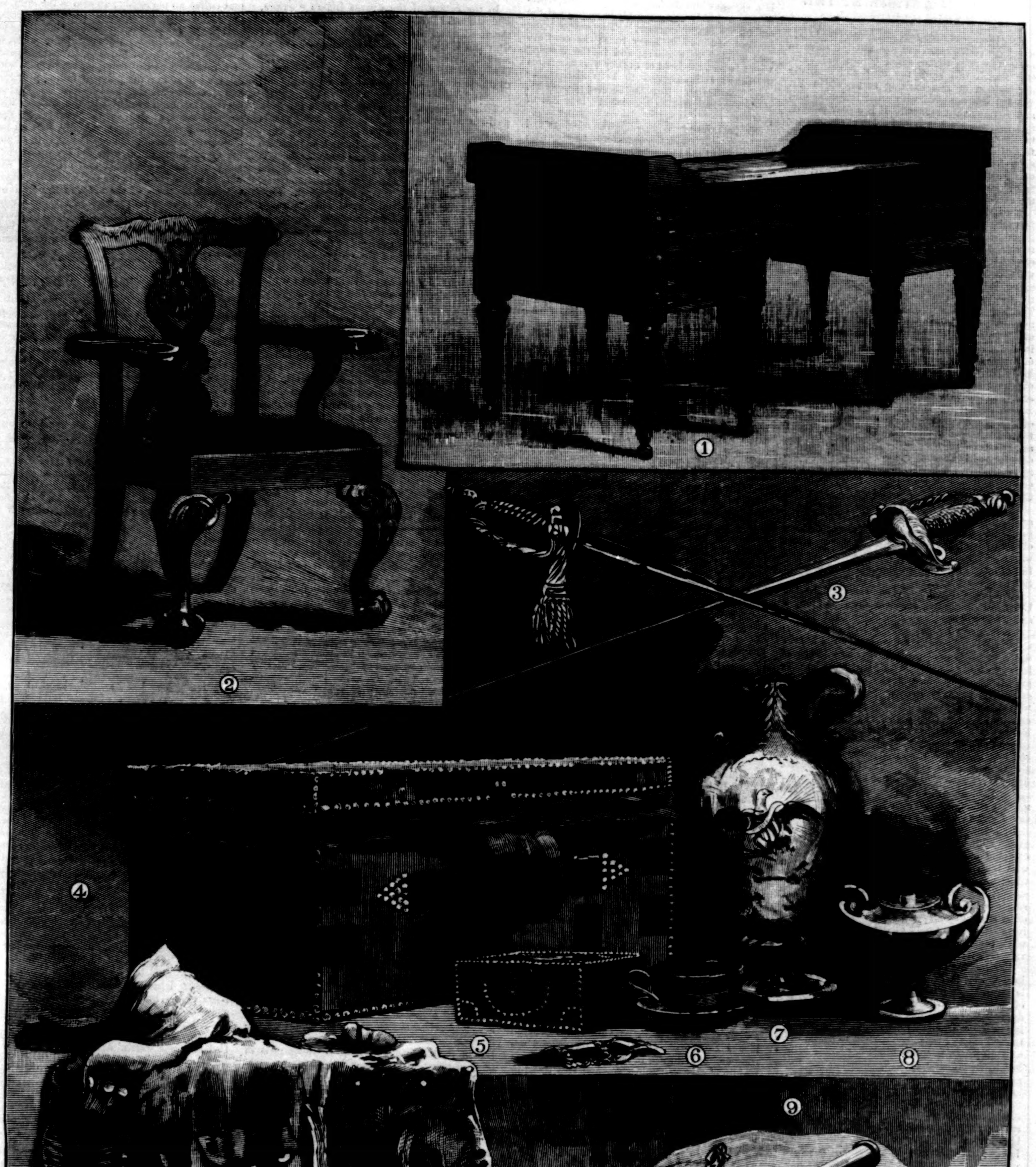
THE GRANT RELICS.

THE 27th of April, 1822, was the day when ULYSSES S. GRANT, that great soldier who was the eighteenth President of the United States, was born. The inauguration day of the first President, to be celebrated on the 30th of April, unites the names of WASHINGTON and GRANT.

We treasure the relics of illustrious men. We are so constituted that though conscious that our welfare, peace, and happiness have depended on their acts, these seem less tangible than the material objects they have left behind them. In this hard, matter-of-fact world, it is well that one should idealize something, be it the sword a hero has worn or the spurs he drove into his horse's flanks when he urged on his steed fighting for a just cause. The shreds of cloth worked with gold, though stained and tarnished, are more than mere shoulder-straps. They are the real live pictures, the actual illustrations, of a national drama. They are part and parcel of history. Now that almost a quarter of a century has passed away since the sword of General GRANT was sheathed at Appomattox Court-House, men who were foes then have become friends. No one can now look at the GRANT relics, as they are preserved in the United States National Museum at Washington, without respect, for they are the mementos which will always tell of memorable deeds performed.

The objects in the collection preserved in the museum, as may be seen by referring to the illustration, are not all of a military character. While on his extended journey round the world, General GRANT was the recipient of many gifts. At the top of the cut are shown the shoulder-straps worn by General GRANT. The pair on the extreme left are those the General bore at Belmont, Fort Donelson, and at Shiloh, during the campaigns of 1861 and 1862. They have a single star, and indicate the rank of Brigadier-General. In the next pair there is a great advance in grade, for they are those worn by a Lieutenant-General. These shoulder-straps were worn in the campaign against LEE at Richmond and Petersburg. The two are not mates, one being larger than the other. The pair to the right were used by General GRANT after the war. The field-glasses with the leather case found among the relics were those constantly used by the General. They are of large size, in japanned frames, wound with plaited black thread, and from long wear are much frayed. If what those glasses showed could have been fixed by photographic means, what terrible pictures would they not have portrayed! The sword nearest to the field-glass case is the one known as the sword of Donelson. It was presented to General GRANT in 1861, and worn by him in preference to any of his other swords. The blade is straight and narrow, the pommel gilded, the grip of carved ivory. Near it is the New York sword, bearing the inscription, "Presented to General U. S. GRANT by his Friends, through the Metropolitan Fair in Aid of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. New York, April 23d, 1864." On the scabbard is the legend, "Upon your sword sits laureled victory." The sword on the left is the Chattanooga sword, presented to the General in 1863 by the citizens of Jo Daviess County, Illinois. On the guard plate is engraved, "Jo Daviess County to Major-General ULYSSES S. GRANT, U.S.A., the Hero of the Mississippi." On the scabbard a ribbon is chased, bearing the names of some of the many battles the General was engaged in, beginning with Belmont, November 7, 1861, and ending with Black River Bridge, May 17, 1863. There are fourteen names of battles. Just above the field-glass are two hat ornaments—one worn by General GRANT at Belmont, the other at Fort Donelson. This is all there is in the collection of the military objects used by the General during the war.

The smaller gourd-shaped vase was presented to the General by Prince KUNG, Regent of China. In front of this is an old Chinese cloisonné vase, given to the General by the Viceroy LI HUNG CHANG, Grand Secretary of State, and guardian to the heir-apparent of China. The bowl to the right is of crackle-ware, and of a grayish blue in color. The remaining vase was a gift of the citizens of Yokohama, Japan, to General GRANT. The small case of maroon plush near the base of this vase contains the freedom of the city of Inverness, and was presented to General GRANT when he visited Scotland in 1877. A very curious gift was another presented to the General by Prince KUNG. It is shown in the illustration on the left-hand side. It is an ornamental bell stand of jade. The volume the back of which is shown is an Arabic Bible presented to General GRANT in 1868. The other volume, the side of which is shown, was given to the General by Lord NAPIER, who captured it with King THEODORE of Abyssinia. It is the four gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—written in Ethiopic. The characters are in black and red, with illuminated punctuation marks, engrossed on parchment. The book is bound in heavy crimson velvet.



WASHINGTON RELICS AT THE CENTENNIAL LOAN EXHIBITION.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 331.]

1. Writing-Table. 2. Inauguration Chair. 3. Swords. 4. Camp Chest. 5. Presentation Casket to Nellie Custis. 6. Cup and Saucer. 7. Vase presented by Lafayette. 8. Silver Lamp. 9, 11, and 12. Cushion, Spy-Glass, and Case. 10. Suit of Clothes.

AMERICAN ARTISTS AT THE PARIS SALON.

(*Continued from page 323, Supplement.*)

wreckage of the mast, and manœuvring so as to bring the ship round again before the wind. Our sketch will show the bold and dramatic composition of this exciting scene, which Mr. Walden has rendered with great technical skill and distinguished realism. It is a gray picture, and nevertheless it is full of color. The painter has been particularly happy in rendering the effect of dazzling and chilling whiteness which results from wet decks, from the incessant wash of restless water over ship and crew alike, and from the glistening rush of hissing spray that the combined fury of wind and wave produces.

Mr. Childe Hassam has painted a picture ten feet long called "Autumn." The scene depicted is a broad Parisian boulevard, with its lines of trees and endless parallel bands of roadway and sidewalk. It is late afternoon; in the distant west the sky is copper-colored; the whole landscape is enveloped in luminous pearly mist, through which the street lamps shine dimly. The boulevard is crowded with people passing to and fro; in the roadway are cabs and carts; along the sidewalk are indicated the stores; and in the foreground, very strongly painted, is an old man toiling painfully along with a harp on his back. The ground is all covered with fallen chestnut leaves crinkled up into strange forms and browned with the first frosts. This picture is interesting; the figures, both of primary and of secondary importance, are carefully studied; the main object of the artist, namely, to paint air, has been very successfully achieved. The delicate pearly effect of Parisian autumn twilight is excellently rendered; even I. de Nittis never attained greater atmospheric verity than Mr. Childe Hassam has achieved in his "Autumn."

Mr. Alexander Harrison exhibits a marine and a "Rainy Day in Concarneau." The latter, figured in our illustration, is remarkable for the delicate observation of the grayness of a village street washed with drizzling rain; it is full of air and full of color of a refinement which mere description cannot render.

Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, absorbed by the Universal Exhibition, sends to the Salon only a small portrait head.

Mr. Ridgway Knight sends a half life-size figure, "Le Soir," which I have not seen, but of which we give an illustration. It is a shepherdess leaning on her crook. Mr. Knight is to be congratulated on not having yielded to the recent craze for painting hideous peasants, ugly old women, and embruted men—a craze which has enabled many to pass for artists, whereas in reality they are only vulgar bunglers. It is far easier to paint a snuffy-nosed and characterless old hag than to render the rustic beauty of a shepherdess who may be destined to become one day a princess—*de la rampe* at least.

Mr. C. S. Reinhart will be represented by two marine studies. "A Foggy Morning" is a picture about a metre and a half long, which is essentially a thing of tone, a sort of arrangement in green and orange. It represents fishing-boats creeping out of the fog and running into port with the tide; on the wharf are sheds with red tiles; alongside is a black steamer blowing off steam; the gray effect is just relieved by a suspicion of sunshine. "In the Basin" is another study of delicate grays and greens—a boat lying on the gray mud of the harbor of Treport when the tide is out. Both these pictures are very delicate in tone.

Mr. Julian Story's picture represents "Charlotte Corday in Prison." In one corner of the cell is a mattress; in the background, in an attitude of despair, is the concierge of the prison, Madame Richard, who was so kind to the fair fanatic; in the centre Charlotte stands erect, wearing the red shirt of those condemned to death, while a rough prison guardian binds her hands behind her back, preparatory to leading her out to be guillotined. The moment chosen by the artist is that when, feeling the brutal touch of the guardian, she looks upward and exclaims, "Voilà la toilette de la mort, faite par des mains un peu rudes; mais elle conduit à l'immortalité." (This is death's toilet, performed by somewhat brusque hands; but it leads to immortality.) Mr. Story's picture is simply and strongly composed, and painted with incontestable distinction. The face alone will win the artist many admirers.

Mr. Ch. H. Davis's picture represents the edge of the forest of Rambouillet in an afternoon effect. I have not seen this picture, but I know that Mr. Davis is a most delicate landscape-painter. His work is always refined and poetical.

Mr. Robert Reid's picture (3 × 2 metres), "The Blessing of the Boats," shows us a ceremony practised in the French fishing ports before the men start on their first voyage of the season. The composition is interesting and well reasoned out. To the right in the distance is the sea and the fleet of boats; the background of the picture is occupied by a sort of esplanade, with a line of picturesque houses; on the esplanade is a lofty crucifix, at the foot of which the priest kneels, while below, on the beach, the sailors, their wives and children, are scattered in irregular groups, some kneeling, some standing; on the esplanade are other groups, and in the middle distance figures passing. The effect is gray after rain; the sky full of clouds; the beach all wet; the whole finely atmospheric. "The Blessing of the Boats" is a very considerable effort, and full of good qualities; the color observation is often delicate; the perception of form in air is very exact; the observation of characteristic gesture and attitude and the rendering of the groups and passing figures are worthy of high praise. Mr. Reid's picture manifests excellent qualities of conception and of observation; it is not without distinction in tone, and the treatment of the great number of figures is certainly very intelligent.

Mr. George B. Bridgman's "Mousse à la Mer" is a vigorous and dashing marine subject, representing a fishing-boat suddenly brought to at the cry of "A boy overboard!" The sail is being lowered, and falls in heavy rolls; the crew are just rushing to the side; and in the foaming waves is seen the head of the boy who has fallen overboard, and struggles to keep above-water until help comes. This is the first picture Mr. Bridgman has sent to the Salon. It is full of promise.

Mr. Carl Gutherz is pursuing the religious and visionary path which he opened up last year with his "Light of the Incarnation." His picture this year, called "Arcessita ab Angelis," is an attempt to express beauty in death, and to substitute for the harsh mediæval idea of death as a repulsive and grinning skeleton the more poetical early Christian idea of the beautiful angels of death bearing up sleeping souls to the realms of peace. On a rosy gray sky traversed by a rainbow, symbolizing peace after the storms of life, a blond angel and a dark-haired angel, clothed in floating mourning veils and waving radiant wings, are seen supporting a dead maiden draped in white, with a bunch of jasmine on her bosom. In front of the celestial carriers are some fluttering butterflies; behind them three cherubs with green wings, one of whom is weeping as he looks down earthward scattering immortelles in souvenir of the departed soul. Mr. Gutherz's vision is not wanting in refinement; the color is quite adequate for rendering all that the painter wishes to convey. In looking at work of this kind we must always bear in mind that the painter uses drawing and color primarily as a means of expressing literary or mystic ideas. If he expresses himself lucidly and with a certain general charm of aspect he is satisfied, and the spectator cannot demand more.

Amongst the cattle painters Mr. Henry Bisbing, pupil of M. de Vuillefroy, is rapidly conquering a distinguished position. His picture for the Salon this year, called "Dans la Prairie," represents cattle and landscape. In a silvery gray-green expanse of Dutch meadows, beneath a cold blue sky dotted with a few fleecy clouds, a black cow and a red and white cow are grazing under the care of a Dutch maiden dressed in pink, who holds her hand up to shade her eyes while she looks across the meadows to recognize a village companion, who is seen in the far middle distance likewise watching over a couple of cows. This picture, measuring some fifteen feet long, is particularly charming in color; the open air effect is rendered in a very high key; the grass is full of air and light; the whole atmosphere as luminous as real atmosphere appears to the most delicately constituted eye. The cows are constructed irreproachably, and drawn with a freedom which does not exclude the most careful study. So far as technical matters are concerned—about which, by-the-way, the ordinary spectator has no right to pronounce—Mr. Bisbing has few criticisms to fear. But his greater merit is to have seen a pastoral landscape with exquisite delicacy of color-vision—a vision absolutely unconventional, owing nothing to reminiscences of the color schemes of Troyon or Van Marcke or any other master, but depending entirely on the observation of nature through visual organs singularly sensitive to the fine pearly tones of landscape in the cool ambiance of Dutch light and Dutch air. For it is to be remarked that this is not a mere "cattle piece," to employ a traditional term; it is a pastoral landscape of which cattle are an element. In this most successful and very charming work Mr. Bisbing has manifested artistic qualities of very distinguished order, and a quite personal sensitiveness to exquisite color.

Mr. Ogden Wood, pupil of M. Van Marcke, exhibits an important picture of landscape and cattle. The landscape is the salt-meadows on the coast near Cherbourg. In the background are the sea and a fishing-boat unloading its cargo into a two-horse cart; in the foreground are cows and one of them in the act of lowing. This picture is very strong in color and very moist in effect; the sky, the sea, the marshy meadows in which the cattle are grazing, are terribly suggestive of rheumatism; the whole scene is realistic in the extreme. In the conception of his picture Mr. Wood has given evidence of a robust and healthy nature, more sensitive to strength than to delicacy. The painting, too, is remarkable for vigor and strong effects of color, and for the honest construction of the animals, which stand well on their feet, and possess, evidently, all the bones, muscles, and sinews to which nature has entitled them.

Mr. Henry Bacon's picture "Égalité," or "Equality," one of the three terms of the Republican motto, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," represents the knife-board of a Parisian omnibus with the fares in the act of taking their hats off to salute a funeral procession that bars the way. Inside and outside the omnibus Mr. Bacon has placed a variety of Parisian types in the promiscuity of the democratic vehicle—a nun, a "cocotte," a "swell," a butcher-boy, a jockey, etc. This representation of a common incident of Parisian street life will not lack admirers.

Mr. William L. Dodge, whose brilliant début with "David and Goliath" we had the pleasure of applauding last year, sends to the Salon a colossal picture about forty feet long, "The Burial of an Indian Chief," suggested by Longfellow's well-known poem. The background of the picture is formed by the strange silhouette of the flat-topped sand-hills of Dakota; in the middle distance is water; in the foreground a sandy strand; while to the right the hills rise obscured by the dust of the long procession of men and horses that comes

> "Winding down beside the wave,
> To lay the red chief in his grave."

The cortège is headed on the left of the canvas by a group of Indian maidens:

> "Before, a dark-haired virgin train
> Chanted the death dirge of the slain."

In the centre of the canvas Indian warriors, nearly double life-size, carry on their shoulders the dead chief draped in his buffalo-robe, and with the black hand of Death painted over his mouth. Behind follow other warriors leading his horse, and behind them, winding down the hill, a confused crowd, amidst which tower up the tall forms of red-skins jogging in their saddles.

There is something very impressive in this composition, which is all the more remarkable as it is the work of a young man who has scarcely completed his twenty-first year. In such an immense picture as this there is not much room for delicate work; what we admire is the grandeur of the composition, the simple strength of the silhouettes, the impressiveness of the general aspect. Nevertheless there are details upon which we may dwell with special pleasure; notably the slender and supple elegance of the adolescent figures of the Indian maidens at the head of the procession, who have something of the charm and almost morbid intensity of the adolescent figures of Donatello. Mr. Dodge has sufficient respect for his art and for himself to authorize us to compliment him heartily on his work without any danger of our compliments turning his head. His "Burial of an Indian Chief" is a very remarkable piece of academic work.

Mr. Dodge's second picture, "Water-Lilies," confirms in another note the promise of his academic work. "Water-Lilies" is the work of a marked artistic temperament. On the green banks of a stream beneath overhanging branches a nymph is lying nude on her back with one knee bent, her head passing the brink, and her hair floating in the stream as she reaches out her hand to pluck a lily from the surface of the water. Beside her kneels a little boy, also nude, who binds the gathered lilies into a bouquet. Through the canopy of pendulous branches the afternoon sunlight filters and marbles the nymph's white flesh with patches of bright light. This sylvan idyl is charming in conception; the pose of the figure is as novel as it is graceful; the verdant landscape and the water patched with lilies are very realistic, and perhaps this is the defect of the picture. The nymph is too material and the landscape too juicily vegetable to be absolutely charming. This criticism is in no way intended to depreciate Mr. Dodge's work. The picture "Water-Lilies," as it is, is tasteful and not without delicacy; but its delicacy is not yet that *exquisite* delicacy which the young artist will gradually attain by noble frequentations and by joyous commerce with the half-dozen great masters whom most painters profess to honor but abstain from studying.

Mr. A. W. Dow sends two landscapes, a soft evening effect, with a curtain of trees and the golden glow of sunset in the background, and in the foreground the cool shades of twilight creeping over a field dotted with hay-stacks. This picture has something of the lyric charm of Cazin's work. Mr. Dow's second picture, "The Sands of Raguenès," shows a fresh morning effect of clouds floating up over the green-crested sand-dunes of Finisterre, very delicately observed. Both these pictures are excellent.

Mr. H. R. Kenyon exhibits a "Foggy Morning at Venice," a clever study of Venetian sea, sky, and atmosphere, enlivened with dainty notes of sails and shipping.

Mr. Theodore Earl Butler exhibits a portrait, a little maid with red hair and a big white Louis XIII. hat, and a portrait of a gentleman, both painted with a not unsuccessful research of distinction in tone and simplicity in treatment; Mr. M. Wight, a portrait of a lady; Mrs. M. Leftwich Dodge, "Reading the Bible," a little girl in a pink pinafore spelling out the Bible to her grandmother, an old German woman—a work that will please the lovers of peasant character pictures; Miss Kate Augusta Carl, "À la Fontaine," a scene in the Saint-Médard quarter of Paris, where the Italian models live; a group of these girls in their picturesque morning dishabille is seen gathered round the street water-tap, and were it not for the title we might imagine that Miss Carl had painted a scene of life in Capri or Naples. Our illustration will show the artist's pleasing composition.

Mr. Paul Wayland Bartlett's "Indian Dance" will be certainly amongst the most original and remarkable works of sculpture in the Salon. The subject is simply a naked Indian, with one single feather erect on the top of his head, represented in the act of ecstatic dancing, his eyes fixed, his mouth open, his head thrown back, his arms outstretched, and with the hands and fingers hanging loosely, one leg crooked up in the motion of jumping, the other leg a little bent, the ball of the foot only touching the ground and just springing from it, the body a little doubled up. The whole movement of the arms, legs, body, and head expresses the act of springing or jumping, for the Indian dance in question is rather jumping than dancing; it is not graceful movement, but the wild contortion of a man worked up into a condition of ecstasy and almost of frenzy. A few years ago a French sculptor, M. Alfred Boucher, in his well-known group of three runners, expressed with admirable success the mere action and rush of three men striving in a foot-race, but the movement which he rendered was simple compared with that which Mr. Bartlett has most successfully represented. M. Boucher's figures had no particular character; they were merely three ordinary men running. Mr. Bartlett's dancing Indian, on the other hand, represents motion, but motion having character; the whole figure, too, is full of character. The ecstatic face alone is a remarkable study; the long hands that wave helplessly, bereft of all muscular tension—as if the dancer were just on the point of falling inanimate to the ground, overpowered by the excess of his almost demoniacal frenzy—are curiously observed and contribute essentially to the effect; the right foot is equally effective in the same direction, with the toes curled up nervously; so also is the body, all panting, with the skin and muscles straining over the adumbrated suggestion of ribs. The intensity of the expression of violent movement, of nervous *crispation*, of the wild, shrieking frenzy of a primitive human being beside himself with excitement, and on the point of falling prostrate and foaming at the mouth like an Eastern dervish, has been rendered by the sculptor with singular success. It must not, however, be supposed from this description that Mr. Bartlett has attempted something outside the domain of art; his figure is beautiful, with the beauty of character artistically observed and artistically rendered; it is beautiful in the delicate modelling of the laboring chest, of the back, of the straining limbs; it is essentially a work of art, but a work that will be either very much admired or mercilessly condemned. It is, however, the privilege of the best in art to provoke only extreme sentiments.

UNCLE MERCURY'S "MOVIN'."

Aunt Flora and her father were about to move out of the small, dingy rooms they had occupied for years in the row of negro quarters. There they had lived all through the war, when she was a bouncing young woman with carded, gayly ribboned locks, the best dancer on the plantation, a trick of easy movement, probably inherited from her father, who had been nicknamed Mercury by his master because in his youth he was so swift-footed when sent on an errand, and the name stuck to him, the one his mother gave him never coming to light except when he deposited his vote at the polls on election days as "John the Baptist Randolph." He was an aged man now; known all through the neighborhood as "Old Uncle Mercury over at the Randolphs'." His wife, "Aunt Pomona," had been dead for some time; she too, without herself being aware of it, had called upon the Olympian dynasty for a name for her daughter. This "onliest chile" was named Flora, nor was she very well pleased with the selection. "Flora ain't nothin' but a dog name nohow," she declared on one occasion when a shooting party came to stay at the mansion, and one of them had a fine setter called Flora. Now that her dancing days were well over, she developed in her middle age an unusual spirit of thrift and enterprise for one of her race, saving the pennies she earned until she had dollars enough to buy a piece of land and build a cabin on it.

Standing over her wash-tub she gave me one day a graphic sketch of her efforts and successes.

"You see, I tell yo' how it is. Mis' Randolph she mighty good to me, she gib me all de clo'es I w'ar, an' de Gin'l he gib us plenty to eat, an' father gits some o' his ole clo'es, though dey's a heap too big for him; you could put two o' him into one o' de legs o' de Gin'l's pants, but I makes 'em fit well 'nough. I don' have to put none o' de money I makes *on* me nor *in* me, so I save it and buy'd two acres o' land from Mr. Syme, jis t'other side o' dis farm, an' I done build me a cabin o' my own, whar me an' father kin spen' de res' o' our days, an' git our things all together. We got more things 'n yo' ever seen, all pile up here roun' us, under de bed an' everywhar—them what grandmother 'queave to us, an' mother's things jis like she lef' 'em when she die, an' what de ladies gibs me I washes for. I got a elegant yaller silk dress wid a long sweepin' trail dar in dat trunk. Mis' Mabel Tayloe she gib me dat yaller silk 'cause I done flute her ruffles so nice. *My* flutin' don' squash none, I tell yo'. Is I married? I been married oncet; dey don't catch Flora agin—burnt chile dread de fire! I ain' gwine to s'port no more good-for-nuffin' men. Why, dat Jim!—nuffin' warn' fittin' fur to tech me when he war courtin'; but after we was married he was a warrin' agin me from mornin' till night, an' a tryin' to keep my nose to de groun'. Man's lub do change so quick! At las' he gib way to his wicked temper so oncessant dat he tooken crazy, an' dey had to take him away an' put him in de saloon [asylum] for fear o' we all's lives. Jim done gone 'fo' de Jedge now, an' I gib him a real nice funeral. I wouldn' slabe for nary nuvver nigger in ole Fahginny. Dat ain' sayin' if de right man come 'long I wouldn' marry him—'tis ordain ob de Lord, you know, miss; 'tain' for us to be wiser'n He is, an' I keepin' dat yaller silk for my weddin' dress. Flora too ole to w'ar white; de gals 'd laugh at me. I borrow some o' de money to buy dat land an' build from Mis' Randolph; I got it 'mos' paid now. I tell her dis summer she ought to take a deedin' an' a trustin' on my land till she git it all, but she say neber mind, I kin go on doin' up de clo'es for de fambly till it git paid. What do father do? He jis watch de Gin'l's watermilion patch; he war de likelies' sarvant ole marster had oncet, but he ain' good for nuffin' no mo' but smoke he pipe out at de do', an' go down to dat patch twice a day to look after dem watermilions, and thump 'em to see if dey ripenin' fas', an' keep de boys from stealin' 'em. I ax him to-day how de milions comin' on, an he say, 'Pretty peart, ef we dou' have 'nother wet spell.'"

Flora had a firm, thick-set figure, with powerful muscles in her arms disclosed by her rolled-up sleeves, as she gave these items in her family chronicles over the wash-tub, her bright pink calico dress contrasting finely with her dark shiny skin and keen black eyes. She had a quick, restless glance, a hasty toss of the head, and one could not help suspecting that in the warfare with Jim before "he tooken crazy" and was sent to the "saloon," her weapons may have been quite as sharp as his, so she was at least able to defend herself creditably.

"Yo' ought to 'a been heah to de groun' clearin' 'fo' we build de cabin. 'Twas a gret time, I

tell yo'. We 'vite de hands on all de plantations roun', an' dey cut de trees down on my land"—explaining this custom with a vigorous wring of somebody's garment; she disdained the use of patent wringers—"dey was in de way somehow." "I baked de bigges' dinner for 'em I eber seen, ef I do say it. Dey don't ax no wages for clearin' de groun', we jis feeds 'em well wid de bes' de country 'fords, an' makes a frolic ob it. I had cabbage an' pork an' 'possum, an' buttermilk by de gallon, an' gret cakes o' corn bread all brown so dey look like poun'-cakes. Oh, 'twas a mem'-able day, sho, miss! Now de cabin all ready for us; we gwine to move day after to-morrow. I got a beautiful patch o' corn down dar, an' a pig an' some chickens, an' sunflowers planted in de front yard, an' de do' is all painted white till you can 'mos' see your face shinin' in it. Is you gwine to be heah to de movin' in?"

A couple of days after this there was a great bustle in front of the quarters where Uncle Mercury had lived longer than any servant now on the farm could remember, the old ones having died off, and many of the former slaves having gone to the North-land of promise after the war, to try their fortunes.

A mule wagon was drawn up at the door, and Flora was running back and forth, giving her orders to several small negro boys who had been pressed into her service, and were now "toting" sundry pieces of furniture from the rooms inside to the cart. The mistress from the mansion-house, Mrs. Randolph, was also standing on the grass, advising and suggesting, but Uncle Mercury was respectfully having his own way about the removal of his effects. There he stood, leaning on his cane, his once tall lithe figure bent 'way over from repeated attacks of rheumatism, his wrinkled face and still abundant grizzly hair showing from under a broad-brimmed straw hat, his pipe now in hand, and then back in his mouth. His costume was an incongruous mixture: the General's baggy trousers were surmounted by an ancient dress-coat, which was too short-waisted for him, its swallow-tails almost lost sight of in the amplitude of cloth below. This coat he had probably preserved most carefully for years, only bringing it out for ceremonial occasions, but by slow stages it had come at last to daily duty among the watermelons, and resented its changed fortunes by bursting forth at the armholes. It was singular that the dignity of a "quality" negro of the old régime always seemed to lend itself to an ill-fitting second-hand garment, inspiring a certain respect as a part of the wearer, so that a garb which would have rendered any white man ridiculous did not even provoke a smile when worn by a colored person of good repute; it was even quaintly pathetic in its suggestion of other days and former wearers.

"Hol' on dar! Look out, you Billy! You drappin' dat chis. Zeke" (to the sleepy negro driver), "git down heah and help tote it; it too heavy for dem chilluns."

"Uncle Mercury," said Mrs. Randolph, "I wouldn't try to move that chest; it's too far gone to be mended even; see, the back pieces of the drawers are falling out. I'll let you have an old bureau up in the garret to keep your things in."

"'Deed, Miss Sally, nobody can't part me from dis heah chis," protested the old man, vehemently. "It belong to P'mona's mother 'fo' she war born;" and with eager, trembling fingers he hastened to pick up the knobs and bits of mahogany that fell from it. The chest of drawers had been handsome in its youth, and would be handsome to him so long as a fragment of it was left.

There was a look in Uncle Mercury's face, a quivering in his hands, as he stowed away his things in an uncertain, shuffling fashion in that wagon, which betrayed a reluctance to this proposed move, a lingering tenderness over the belongings of half a century, as if even the exposing them to outside air were a profanation.

"He gittin' childish," Flora whispered to Mrs. Randolph as her father carried a handful of china cups and saucers and deposited them loosely in a large basket in the wagon, where they would certainly be broken at the first start of the mules.

"Never mind, father; let me do it"—fixing them after him.

Then he pegged by her with his cane into the house, and after a short time came out with a long blue bandbox, which, minus cover, revealed a bent, moth-eaten beaver hat of majestic proportions.

The lady, glancing at it, said: "What on earth are you going to do with that hat, Uncle Mercury? It isn't fit for anybody but a scarecrow to wear. The General has a great deal better one you can have."

"What, *dat* hat, Miss Sally!" indignantly lifting the insulted hat out of the box, and holding it up for us to look at, as though to let it speak for itself. "I ain't wantin' to *w'ar* it; I wants to *keep* it. Dat was Marse William's hat; he gib it to me when he go to de Mexican wah. I 'bleeged to hol' on to dis hat while de bref's in dese ole bones." Then he gave it a sort of hug before placing the valued relic by the side of Pomona's mother's chest, in a position where the danger was imminent of its being speedily crushed into a nonentity if the latter should tumble over.

Next he came out lugging a picture in a showy gilt frame. I expected to see Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation, or Sumner speechifying before the United States Senate, and was surprised to recognize the characteristic figure on horseback of the Confederate hero Stonewall Jackson.

"Why, Uncle Mercury," I could not forbear exclaiming, "how is it you haven't got Lincoln's picture there instead of Jackson's?"

"How come dat? Why, Gin'l Jackson war ole marster's man, so he *my* man, but I always speaks 'spec'ful o' Marse Abe Lincoln"—touching his hat. Then he drew a long breath after he rid himself of the burden, and said, querulously, as he wiped his face with the back of his hand: "I 'clar to Gord dis movin' am mighty pesterin'. De ole place 'll do for Merc'ry; he done lib heah, an' P'mona lib heah, and she die heah, an' it good enough for Merc'ry to die in, I reckon; but Flora she—"

"Go 'long, father; you knows I needs mo' room, now I is clear-starchin' an' ironin' for so many white folks down at de town, let 'lone de fambly at de mansion whar I always wash for. You'll like de new cabin after yo' gits settled, an' 'tain't much farther from de Gin'l's watermilion patch den we is heah."

Uncle Mercury pulled himself together and assumed an air of importance, as though gratified at the mention of a field wherein his services were still indispensable.

"I 'ain' had no chance to look after dem watermilions dis blessed day. Dem rapscallions from de town 'll get 'em ef dey don' see me comin'. Dey was pretty peart yestiddy; gittin' on fine, Miss Sally, ef de sun 'll stay out hot."

Zeke and the mule were needed elsewhere before long, so it was decided to leave the beds and a few other necessary articles until to-morrow; they would sleep one more night in the old house. After a festive evening at the mansion, where the spirit of the ancient hospitality shone as brightly as ever, if its material part was less redundant, I noticed from my chamber window about midnight a light still burning in Uncle Mercury's room; all the others in the servants' quarters were extinguished. Then, although it was early in September, one of those swift, unaccountable changes peculiar to the Atlantic coast both North and South came over the air, and the morning that followed was crisp and cold.

"There must have been hail somewhere," the General remarked at breakfast; and afterward, when he started for his daily tour of the premises, he said, "I hope that cabin is thoroughly dry for old Uncle Mercury to go into; it would be bad for him to get another spell of rheumatism."

Our host soon returned with a changed face. One could see something had stirred a deep current of feeling during his short absence. We were all standing on the porch.

"Uncle Mercury has moved already," he said, quietly. "He was found dead in his bed this morning. Flora wouldn't let them tell me till after breakfast."

Later on I accompanied the mistress to the house of mourning. Flora, completely crushed by this sudden bereavement, and abandoned to all the luxury of woe, was seated in her own room, surrounded by a band of solemn-faced negroes, members of the Burying Society from the neighboring town.

This Burying Society was an excellent institution for helpless and infirm negroes who belonged to themselves, and the deceased had been a member of it for years. If he had had a protracted illness, both money and nurses would have been supplied weekly, but Heaven had been merciful in granting him the blessing of a sudden death, and now it only remained for them to do well by him in the shape of a worthy funeral for this representative of "ye olden time."

"Father done gone to glory, Miss Sally," said Flora, raising her face out of her handkerchief. "I wouldn' 'sturb him dis mornin'; I thought de ole man mus' be tired after packin' an' movin', an' he would go down to dat watermilion patch de las' thing 'fo' supper in de cool ob de evenin', when he war all het up an' perspirin', an' when I went into his room 'bout eight o'clock dis mornin', dar he was a-lyin' jis like a innocen' babe wid a smile on he face; but 'twas de will o' Gord, ob co'se." Then a glow of affectionate pride passed over her sad countenance, and she added: "T'warn't nobody like him on dis plantation, an' de Gin'l he always promise to gib him a fust-class funeral. He too much ob a ge'man to bury a' aged saint in a flat-top coffin. An' de Seal Order ob de cullud Masons sends two hacks an' a 'cession o' mourners. Miss Sally, is you got ary crape veil for me to war?" Presently she rose in a measured, stately way, and the sisters and brethren of the Burying Society rose with her, as she said to us, "I wants you to see father—he do make such a beautiful corpse."

The door was open between her room and the next, the inner one dim and silent, with the indescribable aspect which an apartment, in palace or hovel, always wears when thus tenanted. The furniture was all gone save the bed and an oblong old-fashioned looking-glass over the mantel, in which the scene was reflected. There he lay, separated from all his cherished possessions. "We brought nothing into this world, neither can we carry anything out of it." The lonely mirror over the mantel was cracked from one end to the other.

"Dat happen in de night," whispered Flora, meaningly. "Der war no crack yestiddy."

FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

THE BASE-BALL SEASON.

It is perhaps a little risky yet for persons capable of suffering from rheumatism or pneumonia to sit out-of-doors for two hours late in the afternoon, but there are plenty of them who will do it, for the base-ball season is begun, and from now until late in October the benches on a hundred fields will be lined with spectators, while on days of extra excitement the crowds will mount up into the thousands.

There are never wanting croakers and prophets of evil, and for years there have been predictions that base-ball would be found to be merely a fad whose popularity would wane in a short time. They were wrong. There never was so general an interest in the game as there is now; there never were so many clubs, professional, amateur, and semi-professional; there were never so many salaried players, nor such large amounts of money invested in the game. There are now no less than ten leagues or associations of professional clubs, averaging six members each, and each club averaging at least fifteen players. These are the strongest organizations, and contain the best players, and of all these *the* League is the foremost, although the American Association presses it close.

There are three of these organizations represented in the immediate neighborhood. The New York club belongs to the League, the Brooklyn club to the American Association, and the Jersey City and Newark clubs to the newly formed Atlantic Association. As every club plays at home half the time, and the others belonging to its organization play with it in turn, New-Yorkers have an opportunity to see the performances of two dozen different clubs.

There are elements of peculiar interest about the position of the New York club this season. In addition to the doubt as to their place of exhibition there has been some doubt about the *personnel* of the team, and columns upon columns have been printed on the interesting question whether Mr. JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD, the able short-stop, would or would not play here this season, and if not, where he would play, and who would fill his place. The matter seems now to be decided, and Mr. WARD remains a "Giant." The rest of the team, with only a single exception in one of the substitute players, remains as it was last season.

Moreover, the New York team are now the holders of the proud title of champions of the League and of the world, and there is great interest, and no doubt some anxiety, felt as to whether they can hold it another season. Boston has held it for several seasons, and so has Chicago, but no other city has kept the coveted trophy for more than one year. Both these cities will fight as hard for it this year as ever. Chicago, most experts think, is practically out of the race, for the team has just been around the world; and what with the long voyage and the pretty continuous banqueting, they are supposed to be out of condition. But Captain ANSON and his "Babies" are not used to being considered as out of the running, and they may surprise some of the Eastern clubs yet. Boston, however, is regarded as the formidable rival. Her team, already strong, has been still further strengthened by the acquisition of several mighty batters from the defunct Detroit nine, and the ball will suffer when this team and New York's come together. The other teams in the League have been strengthened too, and there will be a very interesting contest among at least the first six clubs. The Brooklyn people, who have more local pride than New-Yorkers, are enthusiastic over their team, and predict that the Association champion pennant will fly on their grounds next season. The clubs they most fear are the St. Louis, which has held the championship now for four years consecutively, and the Athletic, of Philadelphia, which contains an unusual number of heavy batters.

The rules of the game are very little changed from last year. The batter takes his base on "four balls" instead of five, and foul tips caught less than ten feet back of home base do not put the striker out. The other new features are so technical that it is not worth while to refer to them here.

The life of the ball-player is not an easy one. His vacation lasts about four months, from November 1st to March 1st; then he must go into training. In early April, or before, he begins practice out-of-doors. The championship season lasts about six months. During that time he is not his own master. He is under his captain's orders, and has to play, exercise, eat, drink, and sleep according to directions. He spends many days on the rail. The schedule for this year shows that the Brooklyn club must travel nearly 11,000 miles, and the New York club nearly as far, while last year the Brooklyn club had to travel the immense distance of 12,712 miles.

THE LATEST WASHINGTON MEDAL.

At the exhibition of relics of GEORGE WASHINGTON and his military and civil family a large case is needed to show the medals which have been struck in his honor. They are of every size and sort, pretty much every kind of metal, but there is one particular in which nearly all agree—an absence of good art. It does seem strange that medals and coins should be so lacking in fine quality when the surface to be covered is so small and the choice of subjects is not absolutely narrow. But a wider study of these objects enlightens one upon a fact concerning medals in general which may prove a surprise, namely, that they are very rarely good in art. The conclusion thence is that artists have been rarely employed on such matters, or else that to make a medal is no tyro's task, but one that will tax the best qualities of a sculptor. Otherwise how comes it that there are so many wretched and so few excellent medals in a world where the fashion of medalling persons of merely promising talents has been pushed to an extreme?

To compose a medal is as difficult a matter as to engrave a seal in such a way that the design shall fill the field properly yet look at ease, being neither cramped nor leaving wide undecorated spaces. It has the further drawback that inscriptions must be added, sometimes of such length that they drive the pictorial part of the design off the main field. A coin is generally small enough to turn readily in the hand, so that the lettering may run round the edges, and afford as large a space as possible to the head or the symbolical figure, though it must be confessed that any inscription which compels one to twist and turn a coin is a nuisance, and is rarely successful as art, whatever precedents may be found among the Greeks. The relative size of the head or bust or full-length figure is of great importance, and then come the questions, What kind of lettering is to be used? how large should they be? what shall be their disposal?

The medal for the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the oath-taking by GEORGE WASHINGTON in New York, when he began the list of Presidents of the United States, may easily challenge comparison with former medals to commemorate the same great man. The design is by AUGUSTUS ST.-GAUDENS, the modelling by PHILIP MARTINY. Taking as the most dignified, the truest, and the most artistic likeness the statue by HOUDON at Richmond, Virginia, and the bust by the same French sculptor made during his visit to this country, Mr. ST.-GAUDENS has placed a quarter-length profile on the obverse, facing to the left, with a bundle of fasces and axe behind and at a little distance. The face is grave and mild but firm, the hair in a queue, the neck swathed with the wide silk cravat, the shirt bosom showing its ruffles. The Union of States is symbolized by the fasces; executive power and military command, by the axe. Round the medal near the rim are the thirteen stars. Above, in perfectly simple square letters, is GEORGE WASHINGTON, and across the face, in two columns, interrupted by the figure, runs the Latin legend PATER-PATRIÆ M.D.C.C.LXXXIX.

The reverse is devoted to the present; a hundred years lie between the two sides of the medal. A heraldic eagle, standing on a bundle of arrows twined with laurel, carries on its breast the shield with E PLURIBUS UNUM. The wings are wide-spread, and the head is carried with spirit and dignity. The eagle occupies the upper third of the reverse; a little escutcheon bearing the modest arms of New Amsterdam—the vans of a windmill with barrels and beavers between the vans—is in the left-hand lower corner. This leaves the field clear for a long inscription, as follows: "To Commemorate the Inauguration of GEORGE WASHINGTON as First President of the United States of America at New York, April XXX, MDCCLXXXIX. By authority of the Committee on Celebration. New York, April XXX, MDCCCLXXXIX." Instead of the thirteen stars of the obverse there are thirty-eight on the reverse. Finally the field on both sides not covered has been very finely tooled, so that it has the satiny look of laid "linen" paper, thus relieving such parts from the smoothness of newly cast bronze or silver.

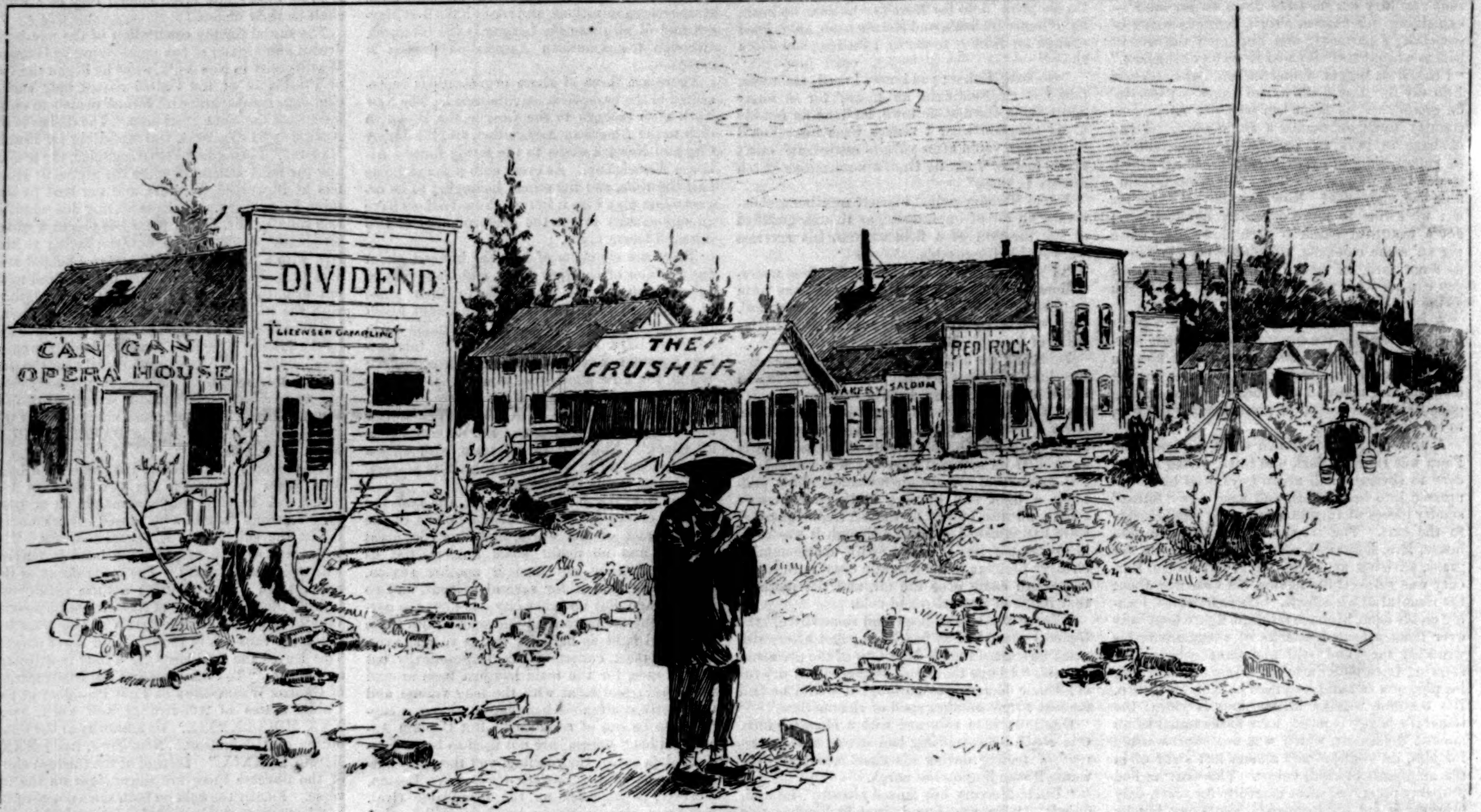
It is safe to say that no medal in honor of WASHINGTON surpasses, and very few at all approach, this one in dignity, sobriety, and beauty. One may regret that there is so much inscription and so little figure on the reverse, but certainly the sculptor has managed to present a great deal of awkward statement with much cleverness. Where a new touch is possible it is given, as for example in the head and wings of the eagle, which recall by their modelling some of the superb Greek coins of Elis, but show more realism. The relief is not very high, yet it is much higher than is common with coins at the present day, for while the Greeks obtained many of their beautiful effects on coins by boldly raising the figures, we are so practical that we compel the modellers of our coins to keep to the lowest possible relief—so low, in fact, that the question arises whether it would not be just as well to engrave them. Fortunately there are no questions of piling these medals in heaps or of the dire effects of abrasion while in current use, which affect the beauty of our coins. These medals will go into cabinets and carefully nestle away in morocco boxes. They will always be agreeable objects to examine, and perhaps will mark less the close of the first one hundred years of Presidential rule than the opening of an era during which people and legislators have united in wise encouragement for the highest expression of the nation in literature and art.

CHARLES DE KAY.

THE BURSTED BOOM.

We were all a great deal younger when two pictures both amused and impressed New York; but those who saw them never will forget them in this life. One was a sketch of a proud new "prairie schooner," or canvas-topped wagon, drawn by two oxen, and bearing on the side of its white canvas cover the legend, "To Pike's Peak or Bust." The other was the same vehicle broken down, with tattered canvas and emaciated oxen, and with hard usage showing in every line of its make-up. It bore one word, expressive at once of the vicissitudes and the unquenchable humor of the pioneers who were then breaking trails in the new West. That one word was "Busted." On another page we present a picture of a town that began with what is called "a boom" as promising as the future appeared for the wagon that started out for Pike's Peak. To-day the word "Busted" applies to it as to the wagon when that returned from its journey.

In the main, whoever makes the journey across the continent, in the hope of seeing the life suggested by either the famous companion pictures of twenty years ago or by the one presented here to-day, is bound on a disappointing errand. In the work of nation building the prairie schooners have been supplanted by the railroads, and as the border itself has been obliterated by a complete spanning of the continent with settlements, much of the strangeness of life in the new regions has succumbed to civilizing influences. There are still Indians here and there, but they are wretched starvelings, usually in white men's clothing, and addicted to begging. There are cow-boys to be seen by the score in certain places and seasons, but they are uncommonly prosaic-looking fellows, who do not sufficiently respect the reputation that has been manufactured for them in the press to go about with lariats, or pistols, or even broad-brimmed hats. In fact, so orderly and modern is most of what one sees in a long Western journey to-day that the sentimental traveller finds himself oftener engaged in admiring unexpected six-story granite buildings



THE "BURSTED" BOOM.

and electric street railroads and gorgeous opera-houses than that which he went forth to see.

Yet the illustration by Mr. C. Jay Taylor on this page shows that there still are odd nooks where the old conditions are at least strongly recalled, and accidental combinations even yet cause the old scenes to be re-enacted here and there, for the picture reproduces a scene as it is to be witnessed to-day. It was on a bright afternoon in midsummer that a through-going east-bound train on the Northern Pacific Railroad was rumbling through an almost wholly unpopulated wooded region in Idaho. The obliging conductor, who had been long enough with the passengers to note that hunting and game were topics the men never tired of, redeemed the monotonous stretch of woods they were passing through by saying that, not long before, he had counted thirty-five deer in them from the car windows. Then came a rumor that freshets had broken some bridges a short distance ahead, and then came a halt at Heron to await word that the work of repairing the bridges was finished.

Of all the places for the traveller in quest of novelty to stop at, Heron was pre-eminently the best. Four years before, in dread winter, news had gone forth of the discovery of rich deposits of ore in the Cœur d'Alene Mountains, and every adventurer who had the means, or could beg or borrow them, had started for the new El Dorado. Where Heron is was thought to be the best entrance to the mining region. The adventurers came by the thousand. Of all the booms with which so many of our new towns have sprung into existence none was more glorious than that at Heron. Where there had been only trees, the ground was cleared by lightning-like work, and tents and shanties arose as by magic. All the elements that compose the horde of parasites who fatten amid such scenes were combined in the swarm that descended on Heron, as insects gather about a lamp lit out-of-doors in summer. It is said in the far West that the first articles imported to the site of a prospective mining city are a billiard table and a piano. These were promptly brought to Heron. The billiard table is the nucleus around which the first hotel is built. The first theatrical company is apt to use it for a stage, opera-houses being fourth or fifth in the order of necessity. The piano represents the worst element among the brigands, male and female, who come to profit by the abandon of a population thus brought together. The rush to the Cœur d'Alene was mighty while it lasted, and that was sufficiently long to seem to warrant the solidifying of the new town, as the picture shows it, in a long street of frame houses. One of the few residents of what might have become the suburbs of the place says that he daily sold two hundred dollars' worth of milk in Heron while the boom was on.

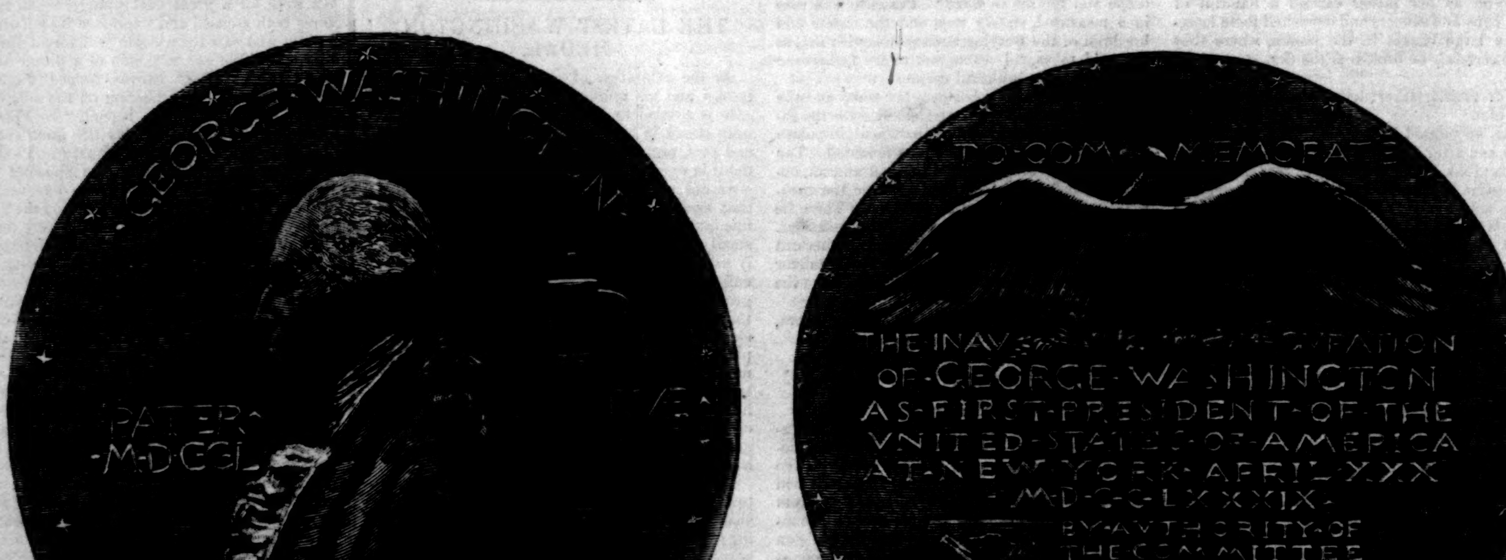
But the story of the adventure was tragical and quickly told. The snow fell, the cold was bitter beyond any that we ever feel in the older parts of the country, the venturesome men did not find the ore, their provisions gave out, and they died by the score of cold, exposure, and hunger. While others were still coming, the survivors of the first enormous band that went into the mountains crept back to Heron, penniless and discouraged. The town lasted longer—while others came, and learned of the fiasco, and spent their money, and went away. Then the pianos and the billiard tables were put on the cars, and the houses were abandoned. Already one has fallen in. Weakened by neglect, and overloaded by a snowfall, it has sunken into a heap of débris like a pill-box crushed under foot. There is a big, well-built railroad hotel there, with disappointment written all over its mainly tenantless area; there are some agriculturists in the neighborhood, some Chinamen living rent free in two or three of the abandoned houses, and there still remain in operation a typical border tavern and a general store.

When the train halted there an accommodating citizen announced to the passengers that he knew of a "likely light weight, and if there was anybody in the train who could stand up against him, a scrappin' match could be got up right away." "We hain't got much in the place," said he, "but we happen to have a first-class twenty-four-foot ring." A scrapping match, it may be explained, means a prize-fight. Could there have been anything more in keeping with such a place? The passengers raised a purse, and the ring was pitched. The artist seized this time for rambling over the place and selecting a point from which to sketch its ruins.

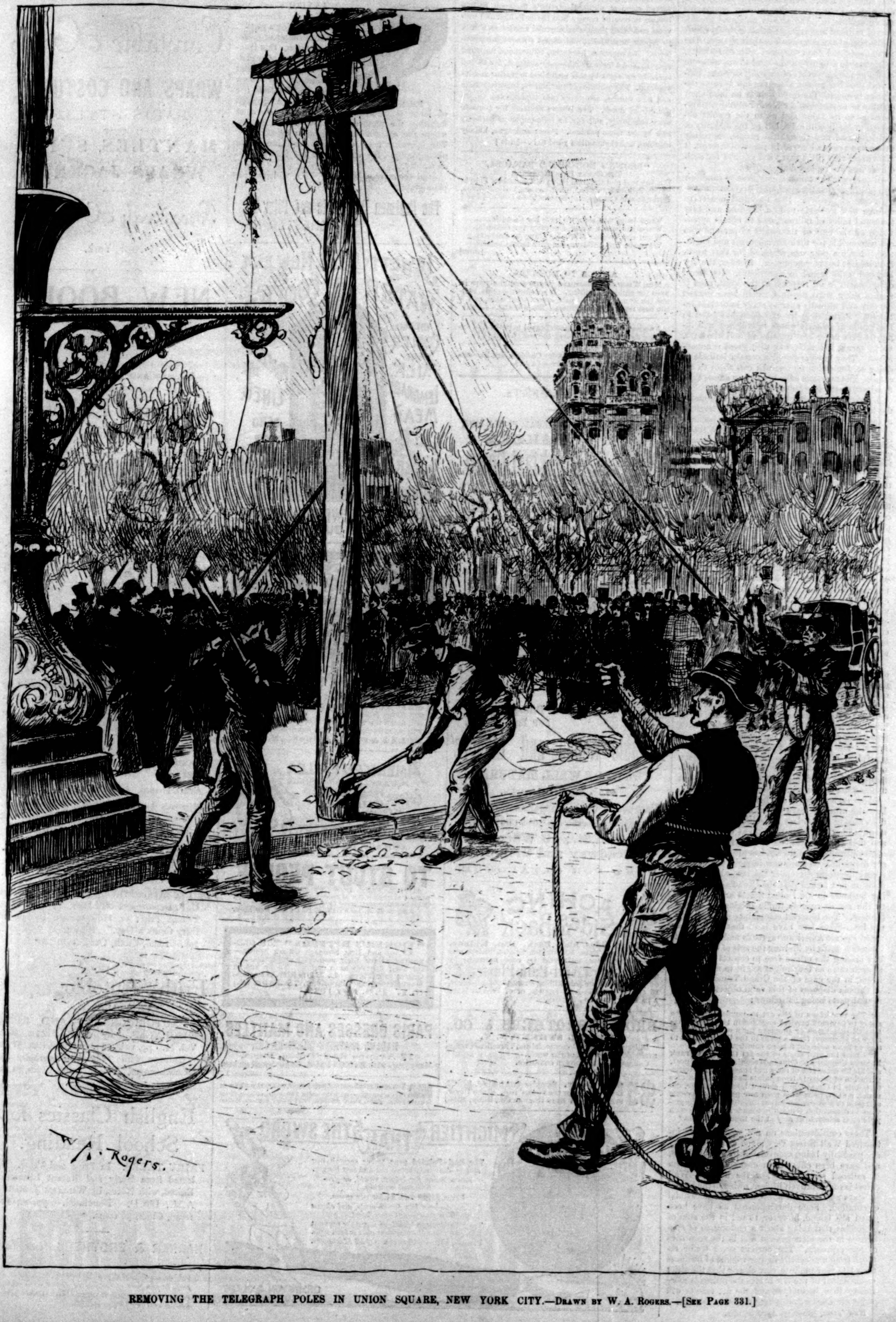
Almost every house had been arranged for business. One bore a sign of a brewery, one of an opera-house, three or four had been saloons kept by "Jack" or "Scotty," and others displayed signs announcing board by the day or week. The doors of some were boarded up, but others were as open as caves, and quite as cheerless. Wherever one looked were playing-cards; they were scattered all over the ground; there was not a space of five feet square that was not decked with them; they littered the porches of the buildings, and when one peered between the cracks of the abandoned houses, playing-cards were seen scattered all over the floors within. It is said that in the West gamblers never use the same cards twice, owing to some superstitious notion, and that every morning the streets of border settlements are littered with the packs thrown out the night before. Whether the myriad cards that now ornament the remains of Heron are merely those discarded after the last night's play, or whether they are all that the inhabitants ever used, who can say?

It does not matter now. Alas! nothing matters much to Heron. It has had its boom, and failed. The men who sold corner lots at fifty dollars a front foot have doubtless figured in many another boom since. Possibly they are at work just as enthusiastically at one of the two other entrance points to the Cœur d'Alene region, for the mines proved valuable after all, and are now being worked.

Julian Ralph.



THE CENTENNIAL MEDAL.—From the Bronze by Augustus St.-Gaudens.—[See Page 335.]



REMOVING THE TELEGRAPH POLES IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 331.]

A PROFITABLE LAW.

Just two years have elapsed since the Inter-State Commerce Law was placed upon the Federal statute-books. Every one will remember the despairing outcry that the railroad companies raised against it. The almost universal prediction of railroad managers was that it would result in the ruin of the properties in their charge. The public accepted the enactment with equanimity, being satisfied to give a fair trial to any measure aimed at the correction of existing abuses. Sufficient time has passed since the law became operative to permit the formation of an intelligent opinion as to its general effect. Naturally, differences as to its value and as to the results obtained under it still exist, but to the majority of well-informed and thoughtful people, especially those who are not biassed by personal interest, it must seem very plain that good reasons for such differences are rapidly disappearing.

Of course it has taken a long time to establish and put in motion the machinery necessary to the execution of the law. It is no small matter to enforce new methods upon a hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroad, and to obtain supervision of the tens of thousands of persons who are responsible for their management and operation. Fully a year was required for that work, if indeed it is yet completed. Besides, the law has had to be tested by experience. Its literal enforcement in all respects at the start, even if such a thing were possible, would have worked harshly and unjustly against many important interests. Fortunately its execution has been in the hands of officials whose intelligence and integrity have never been questioned, and who have, so to speak, felt their way with great common-sense. They have assumed a certain latitude in doing so, for which no one will call them to account. The railroads have been given ample time to adjust themselves to the new conditions.

A review of what has been accomplished under the law is pertinent at this time, not only because of the anniversary of its enforcement, but because of the recent important progress that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has made toward extending the scope of the enactment. Taking results up chronologically, it is necessary to refer first to the abolition of discrimination in the matter of rates. This was one of the greatest abuses against which the law was directed. It is one that affects unfavorably every one interested except the favored shipper and the official who is a party to it, and who invariably derives personal profit from the transaction. It has been the cause of fully nine-tenths of the rate wars that have depreciated railroad properties. The law as originally passed did not cover this point as fully as was desirable, but the amendments passed at the close of the last session of Congress have increased the powers of the Commission, and provided a penalty that can be enforced against both officials and shippers to the extent of landing the culprits in the penitentiary. The result is enforced honesty all around and uniform rates, which are synonymous with profitable rates.

Another important reform has been the cutting off of a vast amount of gratuitous facilities furnished by the railroads, such as free passes and rebates in a great variety of forms. This work is still going on, and with it the payment of commissions, especially upon passenger traffic, is being abolished. Both of these irregularities have made heavy drains upon the income of the railroads. The practice that has been found so successful in other branches of business—namely, one price to all—is being forced upon the railroads, to the discomfiture of their employés, but to the great advantage of the owners.

From raving against the Inter-State Commerce Law the railroads have begun to form organizations among themselves to facilitate its enforcement. They recognize that it has come to stay, and that no modifications of it can be obtained until experience, not theory, has proved that they are desirable. We are now brought to the most recent development under the law, which is the decision just issued that the Canadian roads doing business in the United States are amenable to the act as regards traffic originating in our borders. The bitterest complaints made against the Inter-State Law have been that it discriminated against American railroads and in favor of Canadian roads by limiting the acts of one group, but leaving the others free to control the traffic at such rates as they might see fit to make. The ruling in the case of the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada disposes of this valid objection, its essential parts being as follows:

> "The provisions of the act to regulate commerce apply to common carriers engaged in the transportation of passengers or property for a continuous carriage or shipment from a place in the United States to a place in an adjacent foreign country.
>
> "Under the provisions of the act the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada is required to print, post, and file its schedules of rates and charges for the transportation of property from points in the United States to points in Canada, and cannot lawfully charge, demand, collect, or receive from any person or persons a greater or less compensation therefor, or for any services in connection therewith, than is specified in such published schedule as may at the time be in force."

These considerations do not seem to have influenced Wall Street very much as yet, but they are gradually being appreciated by stockholders, and have been effective in checking liquidation in railroad securities. For the moment Wall Street is comparatively lifeless, owing to the Easter holidays and the near approach to the centennial celebration. Such developments as have been noted are bound, however, to tell in the sum of influences that bring about a restoration of confidence in the management and in the securities of our railroads. The current gross traffic returns from a generally lighter volume of business than last year indicate very clearly that the strict enforcement of the law brings the railroads more money than heretofore, and the net results will show even more gratifying results. C. A.

New York, *Saturday, April 20, 1889.*

MAN WANTS A TONIC

When there is a lack of elastic energy in the system, shown by a sensation of languor and unrest in the morning, frequent yawning during the day, and disturbed sleep at night, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters infuses unwonted energy into the enfeebled and nervous, endowing them with muscular energy, an ability to repose healthfully, and digest without inconvenience. Nervousness, headache, biliousness, impaired appetite, and a feeble, troublesome stomach, are all and speedily set right by this matchless regulator and invigorant. The mineral poisons, among them strychnia and nux vomica, are never safe tonics, even in infinitesimal doses. The Bitters answers the purpose more effectually, and can be relied upon as perfectly safe by the most prudent. Fever and ague, kidney troubles, and rheumatism yield to it.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

ACHING Sides AND Back

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pain, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp, and Weakening Pains, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster, 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

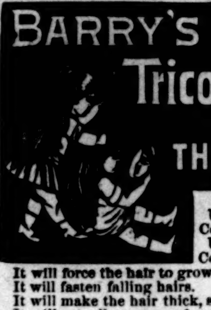
The Kodak.

Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the Kodak. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of Kodak Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BARRY'S
ESTABLISHED
Tricopherous
FOR
THE HAIR

Used by the Earl and Countess of Limerick.
Used by the Earl and Countess of Elgin.
It will force the hair to grow.
It will fasten falling hairs.
It will make the hair thick, strong, and long.
It will actually cure scurf and dandruff.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

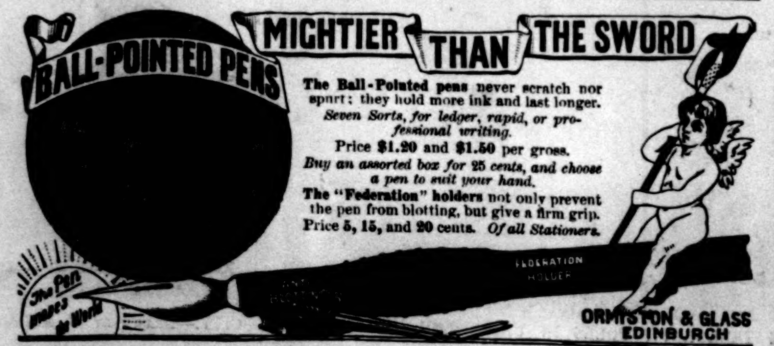
AMERICAN CYCLES
ALL STYLES & PRICES
64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
ON APPLICATION
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG CO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.
ADVICE FREE HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT without starvation diet or nauseous drugs. Treatise and full information sent sealed for 6 stamps.
Address E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

PARIS DRESSES AND MANTLES.
MADAME JOSEPHINE GILLES ET CIE.,
17 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris,
Many years with MAISON LAUR. English well spoken.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex: all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.



The Ball-Pointed pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.
Seven Sorts, for ledger, rapid, or professional writing.
Price $1.20 and $1.50 per gross.
Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.
The "Federation" holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.
Price 5, 15, and 20 cents. *Of all Stationers.*

Arnold Constable & Co
WRAPS AND COSTUMES.
PARIS STYLES.
MANTLES, SUITS, WRAPS, JACKETS.
Broadway & 19th st.
New York.

NEW BOOKS
Just Ready:

I.
Revised and Enlarged Edition of
Historical Literature.
By C. K. Adams, LL.D.,
President of Cornell University.

A MANUAL OF HISTORICAL LITERATURE, comprising Brief Descriptions of the most Important Histories in English, French, and German, together with Practical Suggestions as to Methods and Courses of Historical Study, for the Use of Students, General Readers, and Collectors of Books. By Charles Kendall Adams, LL.D., Professor of History, and President of Cornell University. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. pp. xl., 720. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2.50.

II.
Farces
By W. D. Howells.

THE MOUSE-TRAP and other Farces. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart and Harper Pennington. pp. vi., 184. 12mo, Cloth, $1.00.

RECENT WORKS BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Annie Kilburn. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

April Hopes. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

Modern Italian Poets. With Portraits. 12mo, Half Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2.00.

III.
The Tramp at Home.

By Lee Meriwether, Special Agent of the U. S. Department of Labor, Author of "A Tramp Trip; or, How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day." Illustrated. pp. xiv., 296. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1.25.

IV.
Frith's Autobiography.
Volume II.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES. By W. P. Frith, R.A. Vol. II. pp. viii., 334. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.
Uniform with "My Autobiography and Reminiscences," Vol. I. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

V.
English Classics for School Reading.

FAIRY TALES. In Prose and Verse. Selected from Early and Recent Literature. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M., Litt.D. Illustrated. pp. x., 188. 16mo, Cloth, 36 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* Harper & Brothers, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* Harper's Catalogue *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

LONGEVITY.

Young Fellow (*teasing the neighborhood Methuselah*). "Unc Enoch, they tell me that Limpy Jim over there claims to be older than you are."

Unc Enoch. "Doan yer mine 'em, chile; Ise oler'n Jim, an' always wuz; oler'n him when we wuz boys togedder."

THE AGONIES OF LUMBAGO.

W. S. Phillips, East River National Bank, New York, writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony in favor of your valuable Plasters. Last October I had a very severe attack of Lumbago and suffered untold agony; could not turn in bed or get in any position without assistance, and with pains almost unbearable. The folks suggested Allcock's Porous Plasters. As soon as possible I had one applied to the small of my back, and to my great surprise I experienced almost instant relief. I continued wearing it until entirely cured, and am happy to say that I have not had the slightest symptoms of Lumbago since. They are a wonderful and valuable Plaster for Lumbago, and I take much pleasure in recommending them."

Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S**, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

HOUSE HEATING BY STEAM

Is the Best and Most Economical Method.

THE "GORTON" BOILER,

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, MADE OF BEST MATERIALS.

AUTOMATIC, SELF-FEEDING, ECONOMICAL IN USE OF FUEL.

Any servant girl can run it with ease.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, giving full description and prices.

GORTON & LIDGERWOOD CO.,
96 Liberty Street, N. Y.

Branches: 159 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.; 34 & 36 West Monroe Street, Chicago.

GET the Five Numbers Franklin Square Collection if you want a Thousand (1000) of the Best Songs and Hymns in the world. Nothing better for **Gifts on Holidays, on Birthdays,** or, indeed, at any other time in the year—when anybody about the house can play or sing or enjoys music. The several Numbers are uniform in size and price. Paper binding, each, Fifty Cts.; Cloth, One Dollar. They are sold everywhere, or will be mailed to any address, on receipt of price, by Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York.

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the Cuticura Remedies in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Resolvent, $1; Soap, 25c. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap. ☜

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

AU BON MARCHÉ

An establishment acknowledged to be most worthy of its name, owing to the quality and real cheapness of all its goods.

MAISON ARISTIDE BOUCICAUT, PARIS.

Any article bought, and not used or defaced, which should not come up to expectation, will be exchanged or its value refunded.

MAGASIN DE NOUVEAUTES

Offering in all its branches the most complete, the richest, and the most elegant choice of all classes of goods.

Silks, New Dress Materials, Stuffs, Prints and Sateens, Ladies' and Children's Costumes, Mantles, Dressing-Gowns, Draped Skirts, Jerseys, Furs, Baby Linen, Ladies' and Children's Underclothing and Trousseaux, Notions, Trimmings, Millinery, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Scarfs, Parisian Novelties, Umbrellas and Parasols, Fans and Perfumery, Ready-made Tailoring, Travelling Outfits, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Linens, Calicoes, Curtains, Table Linen, Furnishing Goods, Carpets, Beds and Bedding, etc.

A system of selling everything at a small profit and of thoroughly reliable quality is absolutely maintained at the **BON MARCHÉ.** This system, sincerely and loyally adhered to, has gained an uninterrupted and unprecedented success.

Patterns and illustrated catalogues are, on demand, sent postage free to any part of the world.

It being impracticable to forward goods to the United States and Canada, payable on delivery, we beg our customers, on sending their orders, to enclose the amount of their purchases, as also the charges for packing and transportation.

All purchases amounting to a value of 25 francs are forwarded, carriage paid, to the port of embarkation, with the exception of Furniture, Beds and Bedding, and other bulky articles.

The **BON MARCHÉ,** specially constructed for the use of a large Dry-Goods Business, is the largest, best organized, and most conveniently arranged of its kind; it contains all that experience can suggest for utility and good accommodation, and is justly considered one of the sights of Paris.

Interpreters in all languages are at the disposal of any one desirous of visiting the establishment and its annexes.

The **BON MARCHÉ** is, above all others, the establishment most frequented by foreigners residing in Paris, or visiting the European Continent.

Every effort is made to merit this preference, and the successive enlargements, some of which have only recently been inaugurated, admit of adding daily some new improvement, and of offering, even more than heretofore, during this year of the International Exhibition, all the advantages and attractions which its customers will not fail to appreciate, and which render the **BON MARCHÉ** the most **Unique Establishment in the World.**

The **BON MARCHÉ** has no branch establishments or agencies in any part of the world, and its customers are cautioned against persons making fraudulent use of its name.

The **BON MARCHÉ** figures at the International Exhibition of 1889 in Class 18—Furniture and Tapestries; Class 35—Underclothing; Class 36—Ladies' and Children's Toilets and Tailoring, and in the Social Economy section.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

The latest **London** and **Paris** ideas in

PARASOLS, En Tout Cas,
COACHING UMBRELLAS,
MOUNTAIN and SEASHORE UMBRELLAS,

From the very first **London** manufacturer, for whom we are the sole selling agents in the *United States.* We have no hesitancy in asserting that this exhibit cannot be equalled in *America.*

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

An Honest Statement.

In endeavoring to give to their preparation a greater publicity and a wider field of usefulness, the proprietors of **Magee's Emulsion** are presenting no new medicine for popul[illegible], nor are they attempting to attract publi[illegible] to any mysterious compound or doubtf[illegible] of dangerous drugs and chemicals.

It has been on the market long eno[illegible] its rare merits to the satisfaction of t[illegible]ds who have been benefited by its us[illegible]ose restored health and happy lives be[illegible]estimony to the power and virtue of t[illegible]ellent preparation.

It has stood the most severe tests [illegible] medical profession, and the fact that no other preparation on the market has been so freely prescribed by doctors in their regular practice is conclusive evidence that this has been the most efficacious in all wasting diseases, such as Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, General Debility, and any low state of the system brought on by exposure, overwork, impurities in the blood, hereditary taints, etc.

Ask your Druggist, and be sure you get

Magee's Emulsion,

Manufactured by

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

WRITE WITH TADELLA'S ALLOYED ZINC PENS

More durable than pure steel, and smoother than gold. Demand them of your Stationer. Send 10 cents for samples of 12 styles. $1 25 per gross. ST. PAUL BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., St. Paul, Minnesota. H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., New York. (*Name this paper.*)

HILL'S MANUAL. The Great Form Book. Standard in Social and Business Life. Large sales. For prices ask any Book Agent, or write Danks & Turner, Hill Standard Book Co., 103 State St., Chicago, who wish to employ a few more good salesmen.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
MAY.

Social Life in Russia. Part I.
By the Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, Member of the French Academy.
Thirteen Illustrations by T. de Thulstrup.

Ogeechee Cross-Firings.
By Richard Malcolm Johnston.
With Nine Illustrations by A. B. Frost;

A Chapter from My Memoirs.
By M. de Blowitz, Paris Correspondent of the *London Times.* With Portrait.

Jupiter Lights.
By Constance Fenimore Woolson. A Novel. Part V.;

A Meadow Mud-Hole.
By Dr. Charles C. Abbott.
Illustrations drawn by F. S. Church and from Photographs;

The Dramatic Outlook in America.
By Brander Matthews;

A Little Journey in the World.
By Charles Dudley Warner. A Novel. Part II.;

Verse.
THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN. By Andrew Marvell. Six Illustrations by Alfred Parsons;
POEMS. By William Winter, Amélie Rives, and Dr. T. W. Parsons;

Agriculture as a Profession.
By James K. Reeve.
Present Condition of Agriculture, and How to Make a Farm Pay;

The Royal Academy.
By Colonel F. Grant.
With Portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Edwin Landseer, and other Illustrations;

The Western Outlook for Sportsmen.
By Franklin Satterthwaite.
The Haunts of Game in the West, and where to Find the Best Shooting;

Social Agonies.
Drawn by George du Maurier. Full-page Illustration;

Editor's Easy Chair.
By George William Curtis.

Editor's Study.
By William Dean Howells.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by Charles Dudley Warner.

Literary Notes. By Laurence Hutton.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.........	*Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY............	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR...............	"	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE...	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current number.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of nearly four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents in postage stamps.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents a Box.